THE

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DYING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LURA M. BIDELER.

Kiss me once more as you used to do,
Fold me again to your heart,
Let me know one moment of perfect peace,
My darling, ere we part.

I have loved you dearly, more than life
Was the love I gave to you,
And I would not shrink from the valley dark
If you were going too.

But to go alone through the darksome way,
Oh, cannot you keep me here,
My darling, just for a little while?
Only another year?

Ah, but you tell me not to grieve,
But, darling, you're weeping too—
And what do you think I will care for Heaven
When I know I'm leaving you.

It is growing darker—lift me up,
Once more let me see the light,
And my darling's face that I love so well—
Kiss me again,—good night!

RAVENSWOOD;

OR,

The Raftsmen Of The Delaware.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE LIBRARY—GONE!

Mrs. Montgomery was the first to speak.

"What a startling occurrence!" she said.

"Yes," answered Dr. Kirke. "A distressing case, of which its romantic features are no mitigation. Who is this Mrs. Wilburton?"

"She is a lady whose acquaintance I formed years ago in Baltimore. She was then known as a widow, the mother of a beautiful child. There was a mystery attached to her at that time, as I remember; vague whispers of former domestic infelicity were afloat concerning her—though her lovable disposition, her unmistakable refinement, her gracious manners, and her unimpeachable Christian deportment, silenced detraction and won nearly every heart. Attempted defamation of her character—there are always those ready to assail by word or innuendo, the purest reputation, you know, doctor—invariably resulted disastrously to the slanderer."

"I never saw a lady of more refined presence," remarked Dr. Kirke; "and I do not doubt that her social and moral qualities are in accordance with her winning exterior."

"You are right," said Mrs. Montgomery, who, though fair and false herself, was not cynical enough to believe the conditions inseparable in others. "A purer, truer woman does not live."

"Did you extend your acquaintance with her at the period of your first meeting?"

"Yes, as I was about to relate. I became greatly interested in her, and she appeared to reciprocate my attachment. I invited her to Ravenswood, and she came. Her stay was brief, however; she returned to Baltimore, and shortly afterward sailed for Europe, where she resided several years—indeed she but recently left the old world. I met her last winter in New York, after our long separation. We renewed our acquaintance, and I again invited her to visit me. She accepted, and thus early came among us. She is a most agreeable companion, as no one who has once seen her face needs to be assured. And now—"

Mrs. Montgomery paused.

"And now," said Dr. Kirke, taking up her words, "a strange crisis in her life has been reached. She has acknowledged herself to be the wife of the wounded man brought here this evening—though I think, from what I have learned, that her betraying exclamation was an involuntary one, wrung from her by the shock and extreme surprise of beholding in my patient the person of her husband. What dreadful secret can exist between them? She appears to regard him with horror. Perhaps some terrible misapprehension exists in her mind which explanation would remove?"

"It may be; yet as the subject is a most delicate one, what can we do but remain silent until she speaks?"

"Do you know anything of the personal history of this man who bears the strange name of Starway?" inquired the doctor, meditatively.

Mrs. Montgomery frowned slightly. She had heard his name mentioned in connection with the intruding forest-girl—and it brought more vividly before her a matter that, notwithstanding this second exciting subject, was secretly distressing and alarming her almost unendurably.

"Nothing beyond what mere rumor informs me," she said, in reply to the physician's question.

"He is certainly an extraordinary character, though his calling—if he really is a raftsman—is more romantic than refined. I have heard that he is a sort of roaming hermit, genial, kindly, intelligent and companionable, yet not always approachable. In personal appearance he is noble—in manhood, all that Mrs. Wilburton is in womanhood, if we can judge by externals."

"Do you think he will recover, doctor?" asked Mrs. Montgomery, who did not feel like listening to this semi-rhapsody.

"With proper care and quiet he will. But he must remain here awhile—removal would probably prove fatal. I look for great physical prostration in his case, but have no fears of a fatal termination."

Mrs. Montgomery's countenance assumed an expression of embarrassment.

"What a juxtaposition of circumstances!" she muttered.

"You do not wish to lose your guest," said the doctor, "neither do you wish her to remain near the presence of one whom she so evidently desires to avoid. What is to be done?"

"Your patient could remain secluded here until his removal could be made with safety, and unless some one of the servants injudiciously conveyed him information of his proximity to Mrs. Wilburton he would be ignorant of the fact. Whether such an arrangement would suit her or not I cannot say. Reflection may induce her to alter her determination to leave the island. Yet her further stay here could hardly be pleasant. Infinite gossip and curiosity will be excited of course—for the servants were witnesses of the scene in the sitting-room—and to be the object of impertinent inquisitiveness would be intolerable to my guest. No, no, I presume she will depart to-morrow."

"Under the painful circumstances perhaps it would be best."

"But if she does," continued the mistress of Ravenswood, with the tip of her pretty foot edging the figures on the carpet, "I will not be entirely relieved of embarrassment still. Who is to give that constant and careful attention to your patient which you say will be necessary? *I* cannot—Irene cannot—not one of the servants is fit to be so trusted, though William, who is with him now, is perhaps better qualified than the rest. For reasons of simple humanity," continued Mrs. Montgomery with a fine show of feeling, "he is welcome to the hospitality of my house, and shall receive honored treatment while here, but I cannot do all that is necessary."

"I understand you," said the doctor, though he did not by any means, "and besides giving my closest attention to my patient, I will endeavor to procure him a competent attendant. There is a young man—a young gentleman, I should say—not distant—who has proved himself a most faithful and skilful nurse on two or three trying occasions some time since—while that terrible fever was raging. I refer to Philip Wayne."

Mrs. Montgomery was startled out of all composure by this unexpected proposition. Bring Philip Wayne to Ravenswood at this time! she thought. That was her excited mental exclamation. Two questions then instantaneously presented themselves to her mind: Would it do? or would it *not* do?

Dr. Kirke was quite surprised at the effect of his words. He knew nothing of the peculiar relations Miss Irene Atherly sustained toward Philip—of which the young man, as we know, was himself ignorant—and had no idea of the possible issues involved in the proposed plan. He had spoken just as he thought, having in view only what to him appeared to be the fitness of the thing.

"I—I do not know what to say," stammered Mrs. Montgomery in her confusion. But she immediately recovered herself, and saw her way out as she said: "The services of young Mr. Wayne may not at once be obtained. You have heard—you have heard of the disappearance of Friend Williams's daughter? As her friend and the particular friend of her betrothed, Mr. Leighton, he has doubtlessly ere this engaged in the search for the missing one."

"Yes, yes, I never thought of that—so much has occurred to-night. He may return soon—I trust so, with the lost one restored to her home—but I will not depend upon any contingency; I will send Wardley Brown up in the morning—he is good and trusty. And now," he concluded, rising, "I must return to my patient. I will remain with him the remainder of the night, and see you again in the morning, if you please." And, bowing, he left the apartment.

Mrs. Montgomery soon followed him, and sought for Irene. She had a consultation to hold with that young lady. There would be little rest for her that night; for, apart from immediate anxieties, she was burning with a desire to know what the news of the morning would be in relation to Edith.

She found Irene in her chamber, and mother and daughter passed hours together, discussing, consulting and conjecturing—and all to little purpose.

Morning dawned on Ravenswood.

Intelligence came that Edith Williams had not been found. Starway, weak and suffering, lay in a distant chamber, knowing nothing unless by vague spiritual intuition of the presence of her whom he had once called by the dear name of wife. He was restless and wandering in mind—often he uttered the sweet name of Alice, now lovingly, now imploringly, and then reproachfully. It was *her* name, she could almost hear him speak it. Mrs. Wilburton inquired as to his condition, but she did not express a desire to go to him. That indeed the physician would have forbidden. She asked that everything might be done for his comfort, and then announced her intention to depart from Ravenswood that morning.

Her hostess, Irene and the Doctor silently acquiesced. Soon, bearing with her her painful secret, she left the island-manor, with not one word of farewell to her husband, with not one word of explanation to her friends, but with an anguish in her heart that gave her sweet face a look that was anguish to others to behold.

And thus the lives of these two who once in heart had been so close—then so widely separated—then in mere bodily presence so near again—were once more divided, and hopeless gloom and mystery shadowed all.

Oh, true, tried hearts! why did not Heaven intervene to save you longer misery? Why did not the morning stars that sang together once, proclaim *the truth*, and rejoice again at your re-union?

Ah! what care the immortals for humanity?—for one—for two silent, suffering hearts? Thus in our doubt we sometimes cry, for Heaven seems far away, and the Father careless of us; but *wait*, patient souls, and ye shall yet know all.

CHAPTER XX.

FLIGHT.

Days passed, and Edith Williams was still a prisoner in the dismal swamp. Weary days of anxiety and apprehension they were to her, though she feared no personal harm, but she knew the distress that her absence caused her friends; knew that aching hearts were grieving for her, paining themselves as day after day went by, with fresh fears and wilder anxieties.

All this was of course heavy to bear, but she was most concerned for the safety of Flossa. She dreaded the hour of her release, for it would signify that her friend had fallen into the hands of enemies. Oh, that escape were possible before the blow descended.

Would Philip Wayne, with a lover's solicitude for the safety of his betrothed, be warned by her own misfortune, and bear the hunted girl beyond the reach of her foes? In that case the period of her own confinement might be sadly lengthened, but she was ready to suffer for the sake of Flossa.

Edith had watched with cautious keenness for an opportunity to leave her prison, but she had seen little to encourage her to make such an attempt. Her aged jailor was dull and disagreeable as a companion, but she kept a close watch upon her charge, assisted by the hideous hound. The dog seemed to know that his duty was to prevent the escape of the fair girl, and though she endeavored—in concealed fear and disgust—to pet him and win his affection, he was not to be seduced. Perhaps with animal instinct he divined the real feeling with which she regarded him, and saw through her gentle hypocrisy, or it may have been that he was hardened like his master, and had no heart to be won. Edith had usually—as all pure and gentle natures have—no difficulty in securing the attachment of domestic animals, but she failed utterly this time. A surly growl was the only response her friendly advances elicited.

"I never acted the hypocrite before that I remember," she said to herself at last, "and I will do it no longer. I can regard that fearful brute only with repulsion, and he knows it. He is my enemy, and if I get away from this spot, it must be at the risk of feeling his cruel fangs. He would tear me to pieces I believe if he caught me fleeing from my prison."

And she shuddered with horror as in imagination she heard the hoarse bay of the monster on her track.

THE RAFTSMEN'S FIRE.

Yet even greater perils she would brave if opportunity offered, if thereby she could save her friend.

At length an occasion arose that tempted her to make the perilous endeavor. It was one of those momentary chances that seem the offering of fortune to relieve us of perplexity when we are in situations of difficulty or danger; the intervention of Providence in our behalf.

It happened thus to Edith.

The afternoon was waning, and her grim jailoress had commenced the preparation of their evening meal. Edith sauntered sadly near the door of the hut, at times looking wistfully toward the borders of the swamp-surrounded isle on which she was, wondering in what direction lay the surest path therefrom. Then her gaze would be lifted to the sky above, gloomy with clouds, yet in its expansion suggestive of the freedom she so desired.

The hound was near her, watching her as if he knew her thoughts, turned more strongly than ever toward escape.

To the right of the hut, and rather toward its rear, was, as Edith had noted before, a deep circular excavation in the earth that had apparently been dug to obtain a supply of water, but had been abandoned and partially filled up. Clinging around its edges were the dead remains of last year's weeds, and at the bottom was several inches of green, offensive water. This Edith had observed a day or two before, and she had wondered why the noisome hole had not been filled up, or at least covered, as it formed a dangerous trap to unwary footsteps. Probably it had been thought by Gaines and his associates that strangers were not wanted on these secluded premises, and if they came the pitfall might be their welcome.

Edith as she paced listlessly about, again approached the uncanny spot. As she did so she was slightly startled by a chipmunk darting from the direction of the hut and seeking refuge in the brier-grown and weed-grown sides of the excavation. The quick-eyed blood-hound, whose attention nothing escaped, saw the movement of the little animal, and sprang to seize it. The agile creature of course escaped his jaws, and chagrined at his failure to catch it; the dog stood on the brink of the opening, glaring eagerly downward.

Edith was still near. She saw the position of her most dreaded guard—saw her opportunity to make him a prisoner—and with a swift, wild leap, her heart bounding with excitement, she sprang against him and pushed him down the precipice.

It was the work of an instant, prompted by sudden, wild and daring impulse, and she did it before she knew it. She glanced downward and saw that the fierce brute could not climb the sides of his prison; she looked eagerly toward the hut and assured herself that the deed had been unwitnessed. Gaines was away—no one was there but the aged crone. Now was her opportunity. So suddenly had a way of escape opened before her that she was for a moment paralyzed by the knowledge that a possibility of leaving the dreary spot was before her. The audacity of her late daring act appalled her. Only for an instant she remained thus. Then with noiseless haste she flitted toward the eastern border of the clearing, taking care to keep herself from the view of the hag of the hut. She little feared that individual though; it was the bloodhound she had dreaded most.

She reached the thicket that fringed the swamp isle. She found a path that guided her flying feet from the hated precinct. She followed it for a long distance, making few deviations from the course of safety, and these she quickly corrected. At last she reached firmer ground—the path joined a road, rude and rough it is true, but still one that was to be easily followed.

How her heart beat! How she panted with the wildness of her exertion! How grateful, how hopeful, how fearful she was! She paused briefly to rest—it was necessary. She closed her eyes while she thus gave her tired limbs a moment's respite; she placed her hands against her ears—she dared not look, she dared not listen.

How soon the dreadful bay of the blood-hound, extricated from his prison and set upon her track, might reach her ears, she did not know—she dared not think.

After her brief, panting pause, she arose and resumed her flight.

"Oh, God give me strength," she prayed, "to bear myself from my enemies. For the sake of one more persecuted than I, enable me to save myself and take her word of warning. Guide my steps aright—let me not stray nor fall!"

On—on she pressed; over a long stretch of level road, meeting no one to help or hinder her; down a steep hillside that led to the lowlands of the river; part wood and thicket, and deserted field.

Night was descending, dreary starless night, with threatenings of storm. Already the rain began to fall, and the gusty sweep of the wind drove the tiny drops in her face almost with the force of hail.

"I may be lost," the poor girl thought; "the storm may increase, and no shelter be found; yet I can endure all if I am only permitted to escape at last."

She pursued her way, knowing not whither she was going, save that she was approaching the river. The country around was strangely desolate—not a human dwelling was to be seen. She was in a section, that at the period of which we write, was one of the wildest of the semi-cultivated regions that bordered the Delaware, and to this day it remains greatly as it was then. It forms the eastern boundary of the vast swamp, from one of the recesses of which our heroine had escaped, and which at the present time affords a refuge to horse-thieves and other desperadoes. Edith did not know how few her chances were of obtaining aid from inhabitants of the district.

With a heart that bore up well under the discouragements of her position, she still hastened on. She could now hear the roar of the river-waters, and the sound cheered her, sullen as it was, for it was a sound that she daily heard at home.

But hark!

Through the gloom that broadened and deepened behind her, comes another and a terrifying sound. She hears it though she does not listen.

It is the dreadful bay of the pursuing bloodhound.

"Oh, God!" cried Edith, as the hoarse, vengeful cry reached her ears. "That fearful brute is on my track. What shall I do? He will find me, he will tear me! Oh, merciful Heaven save me!"

Her wild, despairing cries rang through the forest depths. Faster than before she fled, for fear gave her new strength, and her feet were almost as swift as those of the flying deer. But the effort could not last; she could not hope that it would avail her if it could last, for the pursuing monster came nearer and nearer.

Despair came upon her; she sank to the earth, expecting soon to feel the hot breath of her foe in her face, his fierce fangs fastened in her flesh.

Oh, dreadful fate! Was there none to save her from it?

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEATH SHOT.

On the sandy shore of the Delaware, and in the protecting shadow of a clump of huge trees that bowed their lofty tops together, forming a sort of pillared tent, blazed and crackled a fresh-lighted fire. Around it were gathered the dusky forms of rough-faced men, who, having eaten their simple evening meal, were now engaged in animated social exercise—story-telling, chat and badinage.

They were a party of our old friends, the raftsmen. At the moment our attention is directed to them a huge, bronzed faced fellow has gained the notice of his comrades, and is discanting to them in a boisterous, blatant fashion, anything but refined. His appearance, as he sits with the firelight revealing his features, would afford a study to an ethnologist. A wild, wonderful face is his, and one would be puzzled in deciding to what possible race or nationality he belonged. But the words of the speaker would perhaps enlighten him.

"My mother was an Indian half-breed," spoke the fellow in a brogue that we cannot pretend to give, and therefore render it in English, "and my grandfather was a Turk. What do you think of such a descent as that? I'd tell you who my father was, only I don't know, save that he was the son of him I've just mentioned, and cousin I've heard to the Sultan. Ever since I was born I've been a roamer, and I have seen more of creation than anybody but the Lord himself. Fact! I've been fifteen times round the world, and once half way to Heaven in a balloon. I've dug salt in Cracow and silver in Mexico, iron in England and copper in the Lake regions. I've slept by icebergs, by sand-heaps, by volcanoes and by the Pyramids; on a raft, up a tree, down a hole, in a hammock—everywhere and everyhow but in a bed. Are you listening, boys?"

"Go on, go on," responded several amused voices in unison.

"Let's hear the rist of yer achavements," added another. It was our old acquaintance, the rollicking Pat McNally, who spoke.

"I've lived on watermelons for a fortnight, and mule-meat for a month. I took dinner with the Cannibal Islanders once, and didn't ask no questions of the cook. I've killed more men—just out of necessity, mind you, and not because I'm bad by nature—than any headsman of Herod. I've been nigh to death myself a hundred times. I've been smashed and dashed; lashed till my skin was as ragged as my clothes. I've had the plague, the yellow fever and the cholera. I was that bad with the small-pox that I looked like nothing but a worm in the fire. I've been knocked down, chawed up—"

"And spit out!" cried Pat McNally.

"And that accounts for the dirthy crather ye are. Lave off yer blatherin' now, and lits talk of the weather. It's mesilf that's thinkin' we're aboot to be sphrinkled despite of the trees above us, and I'll be lookin' toward me pent-house. Will ye go wid me, Bastario? or don't ye object to a wettin'? I mind me ye've a prejudice aginst wather whin whisky is nigh."

The man addressed as Bastario was the extravagant declaimer of a few moments before. He had taken the Irishman's interruption in good part—probably the two were on terms of familiarity that admitted of such rough speech without offence being given.

"It's my only way of washing—letting the rain do it," said the mongrel. "But I'm clean enough now to last for a month, and so I'll seek shelter in case of storm."

The two arose and moved off—an example that was followed by the remainder of the party, for the rain now began to fall.

"The dilicate little dhrops! there they come now!" exclaimed Pat as the first descended. "That's a pretty sound, and one I always liked, but it would plaze me betther to hear it on a roof."

"They'll come heavier after awhile, Pat," said one of the raftsmen. "That wind means business, and I shouldn't wonder if we had more rain than even a raftsman likes to see."

The men were engaged in making their quarters on the rafts as comfortable and secure as possible, when a sound more dismal than the stormy wail of the wind was borne toward them from the gloomy forest depths.

It was the bay of the bloodhound pursuing the despairing Edith.

"What's that?" cried Bastario, whose sense of hearing appeared to be sharpest. He paused in a listening attitude, bending his ear to catch the sound that the unfavoring wind hardly permitted to reach him.

"What do you hear?" asked one of his comrades, struck by the earnestness of his exclamation.

"The bay of a bloodhound," was the reply, accompanied with an involuntary shudder, as if the alarming sound called up recollections of some dreadful experience connected therewith.

"It is coming nearer," said another of the raftsmen.

"And the devilish creature is on a human scent," added Bastario. "I know it by the cry—curse such brutes; I've felt their fangs myself."

"Who would be flying from such a pursuer in these parts," queried another of the raftsmen, who seemed to think that the thing was logically impossible.

"But I tell you that dog is on a human scent," persisted Bastario. "Let us know what it means. Come!"

Snatching a huge pistol from its hanging place on the side of the raft cabin, he sprang ashore, and grasping a fire-brand, he plunged through the woods in the direction of the sound.

Several of his comrades followed, each with a blazing fire-brand in his hand.

Bastario maintained the lead, though the others were close behind him. By the flaring light of the brand he bore, a look, dark, almost demoniacal in its expression, might have been seen on his savage, singular face.

"Let me but meet him," he muttered; "I've a grudge against his kind that ain't satisfied yet."

A few rapid steps further, and he paused.

"He comes! he is near!" he cried. "Ha! what is that?"

He saw almost at his feet the fallen, senseless form of Edith.

"Merciful Heaven! A woman!—a fair, young creature!" But he had no time to stoop to her and examine her condition. The bloodhound, with a cry like one of the Furies, came bursting through the wood. The hideous brute met with a welcome he little expected.

There was a sharp, quick report, a howl of pain, and an exclamation of vindictive triumph. The bloodhound fell dead, and the avenger turned to the fair being he had saved from a horrible death.

His comrades had now come up, and amazed, horrified and pitying they gazed upon her.

"Saints in Heaven!" cried Pat McNally;

"was there iver the like of this before? Ye poor orather! as swate as Miss Flossie, too! Spake to her, me lads, gintle like, for I can't mesilf."

"She does not hear; she is nigh dead with fright."

"Lift her up, men, and bear her from this," directed one. "Poor thing! it's a sad way she's in, but it is better than to be torn by that infernal dog. Are you sure he's dead, Bastario?"

"I am that," was the grim answer. "I've put my knife through his heart a dozen times—he'll bay and bite no more. Curse all his kind!"

As tenderly as a mother's arms might enfold her child, Edith was lifted from the spot where she lay and borne by those rude but kindly men to the limits of their encampment. The rain still fell, and with increasing volume, but under the boughs of the bending trees a comparative shelter was yet afforded. Fresh fuel was added to the embers of the fire, and soon a cheerful blaze illuminated the scene.

Edith shortly revived from her swoon of terror. She looked wildly around and beheld, in all the confusion of a waking dream, the picturesque forms of her preservers, the glowing camp-fire, and the dark wall of shadows encircling it. Her eyes were full of wondering question.

"Do not be alarmed, fair lady," said one of the raftsmen in an assuring, sympathetic tone. "You are safe. That savage brute did not reach you."

"Oh, I remember," she said, with a fearful shudder. "I sank to the earth, hopeless of escaping from him. Who are you who have saved my life?"

"We are raftsmen, lady, and though we are rough, wild-looking men, we trust that you will have no fear in our company. Not one of us would dream of evil toward you."

Edith knew the excellent general character of the class into contact with which she had thus been brought; she had also learned much of their kindliness and generosity of nature from her friend Flossa. She had therefore little solicitude for her personal safety, notwithstanding the loneliness and helplessness of her position.

She expressed her gratitude for her preservation from a fearful death, and gave her rescuers an account of her abduction, her imprisonment in the swamp under the jailorship of the dog, and her attempted escape.

They listened in wonder, exchanging many an indignant exclamation, and invoking destruction upon the villainous band that had been instrumental in making her a captive.

Edith had given only a generalized narrative of her adventures; consequently Pat McNally, who had been a most intent and sympathetic listener, obtained no knowledge of the under-facts of the case.

But the rescued girl presently heard the name of the Irishman called by one of his comrades, and then the conviction seized her that he must be Flossa's firm and admiring foreign friend, of whom both Flossa and Philip Wayne had frequently spoken. Her heart bounded with a great joy as she thought this, for she knew that he would be active in Flossa's behalf at once. She addressed him immediately.

"Is this Patrick McNally, of whom I have heard Flossa Gordon speak?" she inquired in gentle, eager tones.

The Irishman was startled almost ludicrously at the mention of the name of his favorite.

"I'm the jintleman at your service, Miss," he responded. "And might ye be knowin' anything aboot my Flossie—the Saints defind her!"

Edith smiled—the manner of the man was so comically earnest—as she said:

"It was into my home that Flossa was received when she finished her journey on the raft. She is there still unless—"

"Heaven bliss her!" interrupted the enthusiastic Pat.

"Unless," pursued Edith, gravely, "evil has befallen her. She has bitter enemies, and it was she, and not myself, who was to have been stolen."

"The Saints be good to us! And ye don't mane to say thim murtherin' thaves has found her out?"

"It is true, Patrick, and they have discovered the mistake they made in seizing me. I fear that imminent peril threatens Flossa again. She may be in their hands already."

"St. Patrick hilp her! Now, all this comes of her lavin' the protiction of her bist friend—that's mesilf! Where was that broth of a Philip. Couldn't he kape her safe?"

"Oh, Patrick, we were all unsuspicious; we did not think of danger; we relied upon the belief that Flossa's whereabouts would not be discovered by her enemies."

"But ye shouldn't have relied, Miss—that's the wurst sort of lyin' I do belave."

Pat was thinking of his own over-confidence on a previous occasion.

"But may be there's time to circumvint thim avil ones yet," he added. "A wurd or warnin'—"

"That is what I was thinking of," interposed Edith. "How far is it to Ravenswood?"

"To Ravenswood?"

"I named that place because I thought it would be known to raftsmen, and my home is near it."

"Yis, yis, I understand. How far is it, captin, to the island?"

He addressed the question to one of his comrades who was well informed as to the distance between various points on the river.

"About ten miles," was the answer.

"So far," sighed Edith to herself, though the words were heard by the others.

"You will not be able to reach your home to-night, Miss," said he who had been addressed as captain. "The distance is considerable, the road is strange, night and storm are upon us, and you are ill-fitted for for such a journey. If you remain until morning we will see that you are restored to your friends."

He spoke kindly and respectfully, yet Edith looked perplexed and distressed.

"You surely do not doubt our honesty?"

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed earnestly.

"You will be as safe with us as in your own home. Of course you will not find it as comfortable, but we can arrange tolerable accommodations for you. We raftsmen are frequently obliged to camp out, even in a storm, and are in a measure prepared for such emergencies as this."

"But, captin, dear," spoke McNally, "mightn't ye be able to comprehend that it's another the lady's thinkin' of, and not herself at all, at all."

"That is it, Patrick," said Edith, grateful for this discernment of the greatest cause of her anxiety. "I think not of discomfort to myself—I am only glad and grateful as respects my own situation—but I fear that a delay in my return home may prove fatal to my dear young friend."

"And ye can't be more unasy thin I am mesilf on that account," declared Pat. "But I'm constrained to belave that the captin knows what he's a-sayin'. Hark at that rain, now—a-roarin' like the river itself. And look at the night, as black as a crow on a snow-bank. We had betther think of gettin' in or we'll be dhrowned intirely. And our fire is splutterin' wid the dhrops like a Dutchman talkin' English. Come, Miss, and ye shall have as nate a cabin as iver a raftsman cricted. Miss Flossie—good luck to her, the darlint—was resonable under sich circumsthances of livin', and maybe ye'll be the same for one night."

The rafts were moored in a deep, safe cove, and the distance to them was but little.

Conducted to the floating shelter by her kind-hearted preservers, Edith found herself in a position of comparative comfort, strange as her surroundings were.

A small log-built cabin, floored with fresh sawed boards and securely roofed with the same, was her retreat. The dried skins which formed a portion of the cargo of the raft, were arranged so as to make an inviting couch. She removed a heavy cloak that had been her protection from the rain while on shore, and, very weary, lay down.

She contrasted her situation with what it had recently been, and her heart filled with gladness at the change. And to-morrow she would see home and friends again. Troubled, yet joyful; fearful, yet hopeful, she fell asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNDER THE CLOAK.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

If there be a thing in the world that my soul hateth, it is a long night journey by rail. In the old coaching days I do not think that I should have minded it, passing swiftly through a summer night on the top of a speedy coach, with the star arch black-blue above one's head, the sweet smell of earth, and her numberless flowers and grasses in one's nostrils, and the pleasant trot, trot, trot, trot, of the four strong horses in one's ears. But by railway!—in a little stuffy compartment, with nothing to amuse you if you keep awake; with a dim lamp hanging above you, tantalizing you with the idea that you can read by its light, and when you try, satisfactorily proving to you that you cannot, and, if you sleep, breaking your neck, or at least stiffening it, by the brutal arrangement of the hard cushions. These thoughts pass sullkily and rebelliously through my head as I sit in my *salon* in the *Rein*, at Geneva, on the afternoon of the fine autumn day on which, in an evil hour, I have settled to take my place in the night train for Paris. I have put off going as long as I can.

I like Geneva, and am leaving some pleasant and congenial friends, but now, go I must. My husband is to meet me at the station in Paris at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Six o'clock! what a barbarous hour at which to arrive! I am putting on my bonnet and cloak; I look at myself in the glass with an air of anticipative disgust. Yes, I look trim and spruce enough now—a not disagreeable object, perhaps—with sleek hair, quick and alert eyes, and pink-tinted cheeks. Alas! at six o'clock to-morrow morning what a different tale there will be to tell! Dishevelled, dusty locks, half-open weary eyes, a disordered dress and a green-colored countenance.

I turn away with a pettish gesture, and reflecting that at least there is no wisdom in living my miseries twice over, I go downstairs, and get into the hired open carriage which awaits me. My maid and man follow with the luggage. I give stricter injunctions than ordinary to my maid never for one moment to lose her hold of the dressing-case which contains, as it happens, a great many more valuable jewels than people are wont to travel in foreign parts with, nor of a certain costly and beautiful Dresden china and gold Louis-Quatorze clock, which I am carrying home as a present to my people. We reach the station, and I straightway betake myself to the first-class *salle d'attente*, there to remain penned up till the officials undo the gates of purgatory and release us—an arrangement whose wisdom I have yet to learn. There are ten minutes to spare, and the *salle* is filling fuller and fuller every moment. Chiefly my countrymen, countrywomen and country children, beginning to troop home to their partridges. I look curiously round at them, speculating as to which of them will be my companion or companions through the night.

There are no very unusual types: girls in sailor hats and blonde hair-fringes; strong-minded old maids in painstakingly ugly waterproofs; baldish fathers; fattish mothers; a German or two, with prominent pale eyes and spectacles. I have just decided on the companions I should prefer; a large young man, who belongs to nobody, and looks as if he spent most of his life in laughing—alas! he is not likely! he is sure to want to smoke!—and a handsome and prosperous-looking young couple. They are more likely, as very probably, in the man's case, the bride-love will overcome the cigar-love. The porter comes up. The key turns in the lock; the doors open. At first I am standing close to them, flattening my nose against the glass, and looking out on the pavement; but as the passengers become more numerous, I withdraw from my prominent position, anticipating a rush for carriages. I hate and dread exceedingly a crowd, and would much prefer at any time to miss my train rather than be squeezed and jostled by one. In consequence, my maid and I are almost the last people to emerge, and have the last and worst choice of seats. We run along the train looking in; the footman, my maid, and I. Full—full everywhere!

"*Dames seules?*" asks the guard.

"Certainly not! Neither '*Dames seules*' nor '*Fumeurs*;' but if I must be one or the other, '*Fumeurs*.'"

I am growing nervous, when I see the footman, who is a little ahead of us, standing with an open carriage door in his hand, and signing to us to make haste. Ah! it is all right! it always comes right when one does not fuss one's self.

"Plenty of room here'm; only two gentlemen."

I put my foot on the high step and climb in. Rather uncivil of the two gentlemen!—neither of them offers to help me; but they are not looking this way, I suppose. "Mind the dressing-case!" I cry nervously, as I stretch out my hand to help the maid Watson up. The man pushes her from behind; in she comes—dressing-case, clock, and all. Here we are for the night!

I am so busy and amused looking out of the window, seeing the different parties bidding their friends good-bye, and watching with indignation the barbaric and malicious manner in which the porters hurl the luckless luggage about, that we have steamed out of the station, and are fairly off for Paris before I have the curiosity to glance at my fellow-passengers. Well! when I do take a look at them, I do not make much of it. Watson and I occupy the two seats by one window, facing one another; our fellow travellers have not taken the other two window seats; they occupy the middle ones, next us. They are both reading, behind newspapers. Well! we shall not get much amusement out of them. I give them up as bad job. Ah! if I could have had my wish, and had the laughing young man, and the pretty young couple, for company, the night would not perhaps have seemed so long. However I should have been mortified for them to have seen how *green* I looked when the dawn came; and, as to these *commis-voyageurs*, I do not care if I look as green as grass in their eyes. Thus, all no doubt is for the best; and at all events it is a good trite copy-book maxim to say so. So I forget all about them, fix my eyes on the landscape racing by, and fall into a variety of thoughts. "Will my husband really get up in time to come and meet me at the station to-morrow morning?" He does so cordially hate getting up. My only chance is his not having gone to bed at all. How will he be looking? I have not seen him for four months. Will he have succeeded in curbing his tendency to fat, during his Norway fishing? Probably not. Fishing, on the contrary, is rather a *fat making* occupation; sluggish and sedentary. Shall we have a pleasant party at the house we are going to for shooting? To whom in Paris shall I go for my gown? Worth? No, Worth is beyond me. There I leave the future, and go back into past enjoyments; excursions to Lausanne; trips down the lake to Chillon; a hundred and one pleasantnesses. The time slips by; the afternoon is drawing toward evening; a beginning of dusk is coming over the landscape.

I look round. Good Heavens! what can those men find so interesting in the papers? I thought them hideously dull, when I looked over them this morning; and yet they are still persistently reading. What can they have got hold of? I cannot well see what the man beside me has; his *vis-a-vis* is buried in an English Times. Just as I am thinking about him he puts down his paper, and I see his face. Nothing very remarkable; a long black beard, and a hat tilted somewhat low over his forehead. I turn away my eyes hastily, for fear of being caught inquisitively scanning; but still, out of their corners I see that he has taken a little bottle out of his travelling bag, has poured some of its contents into a glass, and is putting it to his lips. It appears as if—and, at the time it happens, I have no manner of doubt that he is drinking. Then I feel that he is addressing me. I look up toward him; he is holding out the phial to me, and saying.—

"May I take the liberty of offering madame some?"

"No, thank you, monsieur!" I answer, shaking my head hastily, and speaking rather abruptly. There is nothing that I dislike more than being offered strange eatables or drinkables in a train, or a strange hymn-book in church.

He smiles politely, and then adds:

"Perhaps the *other* lady might be persuaded to take a little?"

"No, thank you, sir, I'm much obliged to you," replies Watson briskly in almost as ungrateful a tone as mine.

Again he smiles, bows, and reburies himself in his newspaper. The thread of my thoughts is broken; I feel an odd curiosity as to the nature of the contents of that bottle. Certainly it is not sherry or spirit of any kind, for it has diffused no odor through the carriage. At this time the man beside me has said and done nothing. I wish he would move or speak, or do something. I peep covertly at him. Well! at all events, he is well defended against the night chill. What a voluminous cloak he is wrapped in; how entirely it shrouds his figure!—trimmed with *fur* too!—Why, it might be January instead of September. I do not know why, but that cloak makes me feel rather uncomfortable. I wish they would both move to the window, instead of sitting next us. Bah! am *I* setting up to be a timid dove? I, who rather pique myself on my bravery—on my indifference to tramps, bulls, ghosts? The clock has been deposited with the umbrellas, parasols, spare shawls, rugs, etc., in the netting above Watson's head. The dressing-case—a very large and heavy one—is sitting on her lap. I lean forward and say to her—

"That box must rest very heavily on your knee, and I want a footstool—I should be more comfortable if I had one—let me put my feet on it."

I have an idea that somehow my sapphires will be safer if I have them where I can always feel that they are *there*. We make the desired change in our arrangements. Yes, both my feet are on it.

The landscape outside is darkening quickly now; our dim lamp is beginning to assert its importance. Still the men read. I feel a sensation of irritation. What can they mean by it? It is utterly impossible that they can decipher the small print of the Times by this feeble shaky glimmer.

As I am so thinking, the one who had before spoken lays down his paper, folds it up and deposits it on the seat beside him. Then, drawing his little bottle out of his bag a second time, drinks, or seems to drink, from it. Then he again turns to me—

"Madame will pardon me; but if madame *could* be induced to try a little of this: it is a cordial of a most refreshing and invigorating description; and if she will have the amiability to allow me to say so, madame looks faint."

What can he mean by this urgency? *Is* it pure politeness? I wish it were not growing so dark. These thoughts run through my head as I hesitate for an instant what answer to make. Then an idea occurs to me, and I manufacture a civil smile and say, "Thank you very much, monsieur! I am a little faint, as you observe. I think I will avail myself of your obliging offer." So saying, I take the glass and touch it with my lips. I give you my word of honor that I do not think I did more; I did not mean to swallow a drop, but I suppose I must have done so. He smiles with a gratified air.

"The other lady will now, perhaps, follow your example?"

By this time I am beginning to feel thoroughly uncomfortable; *why*, I should be puzzled to explain. What *is* this cordial that he is so eager to urge upon us? Though determined not to subject *myself* to its influence, I *must* see its effects upon another person. Rather brutal of me, perhaps; rather in the spirit of the anatomist, who, in the interest of science, tortures live dogs and cats; but I am telling you *facts*—not what I ought to have done, but what I *did*. I make a sign to Watson to drink some. She obeys, nothing loath. She has been working hard all day, pressing and getting under way, and she is tired. There is no feigning about her! She has emptied the glass. Now to see what comes of it—what happens to my live dog. The bottle is replaced in the bag; still we are racing on, and on, past the hills and fields and villages. How indistinct they are all growing! I turn back from the contemplation of the outside view to the inside one. Why, the woman is asleep already! her chin buried in her chest, her mouth half open, looking exceedingly imbecile and very plain, as most people, when asleep out of bed, do look. A nice invigorating potion, indeed! I wish to heaven that I had gone *aux fumeurs*, or even with that cavalcade of nursery-maids and unwholesome-looking babies *aux dames seules*, next door. At all events, I am not at all sleepy myself—that is a blessing. I shall see what happens. Yes, by the by, I must see what he meant to happen; I must affect to fall asleep too. I close my eyes, and gradually sinking my chin on my chest, try to droop my jaws and hang my cheeks, with a semblance of *bona fide* slumber. Apparently I succeed pretty well. After the lapse of a few minutes I distinctly feel two hands very cautiously and carefully lifting and removing my feet from the dressing-box.

A cold chill creeps over me, and then the blood rushes to my head and ears. What am I to do? what am I to do? I have always thought the better of myself ever since for it; but, strange to say, I keep my presence of mind. Still affecting to sleep, I give a sort of kick, and instantly the hands are withdrawn, and all is perfectly quiet again. I now feign to wake gradually, with a yawn and a stretch; and on moving about my feet a little, find that, despite my kick, they have been too clever for me, and have dexterously removed my box and substituted another. The way in which I make this pleasant discovery is, that whereas mine was perfectly flat at the top, on the surface of the object that is now beneath my feet there is some sort of excrescence—a handle of some sort or other. There is no denying it—brave I *may* be—I may laugh at people for running from bulls, for disliking to sleep in a room by themselves for fear of ghosts, for hurrying past tramps, but now I am most thoroughly frightened. I look cautiously, in a sideway manner, at the man beside me. How very still he is! Were they *his* hands, or the hands of the man opposite him? I take a fuller look than I have yet ventured to do, turning slightly round for the purpose. He is still reading, or at least still holding the paper, for the reading must be farce. I look at his hands; they are in precisely the same position as they were when I affected to go to sleep, although the *pose* of the rest of his body is slightly altered. Suddenly I turn extremely cold, for it has dawned on me that they are not real hands—they are certainly false ones. Yes, though the carriage is shaking very much with our rapid motion, and the light is shaking too, yet there is no mistake. I look, indeed, more closely, so as to be quite sure. The one nearest me is ungloved, the other gloved. I look at the nearest one. Yes, it is of an opaque waxen whiteness. I can plainly see the rouge put under the finger-nails to represent the coloring of life. I try to give one glance at his face. The paper still partially hides it, and as he is leaning his head back against the cushion, where the light hardly penetrates, I am completely baffled in my efforts.

Great heavens! What is going to happen to me? what shall I do? how much of him is *real*? where are his *real* hands? what is going on under that awful cloak? The fur border touches me as I sit by him. I draw convulsively and shrinkingly away, and try to squeeze myself up as close as possible to the window. But alas! to what good? How absolutely and utterly powerless I am! How entirely at their mercy! And there is Watson still sleeping swinishly—breathing heavily, opposite me. Shall I try to wake her? But to what end? She being under the influence of that vile drug, my efforts will certainly be useless, and will probably arouse the man to employ violence against me. Sooner or later in the course of the night I suppose they are pretty sure to murder me, but I had rather that it should be later than sooner.

While I think these things, I am lying back quite still, for, as I philosophically reflect, not all the screaming in the world will help me; if I had twenty-lung power I could not drown the rush of an express train. Oh, if my dear boy were but here—my husband I mean—fat or lean, how thankful I should be to see him! Oh, that cloak, and those horrid waxy hands! Of course—I see it now!—they remained stuck out, while the man's red ones were fumbling about my feet. In the midst of my agony of fright a thought of Madame Toussaud flashes ludicrously across me. Then they begin to talk of me. It is plain that they are not taken in by my feint of sleep; they speak in a clear loud voice, evidently for my benefit. One of them begins by saying, "What a good-looking woman she is! Evidently in her *premiere jeunesse too*"—reader, I struck thirty last May—"and also there can be no doubt as to her being of exalted rank—a duchess probably." (A dead duchess by morning, think I grimly.) They go on to say how odd it is that people in my class of life never travel with their own jewels, but always with paste ones, the real ones being meanwhile deposited at the banker's. My poor, poor sapphires! good-bye, a long good-bye to you. But indeed I will willingly compound for the loss of you and the rest of my ornaments—will go bare-necked, and bare armed, or clad in Salviati beads for the rest of my life—so that I do but attain the next stopping-place alive.

As I am so thinking one of the men looks, or I imagine that he looks, rather curiously toward me. In a paroxysm of fear lest they should read on my face the signs of the agony of terror I am enduring, I throw my pocket-handkerchief—a very fine cambric one—over my face.

And now, oh, reader! I am going to tell you something which I am sure you will not believe; I can hardly believe it myself; but as I so lie, despite the tumult of my mind—despite the chilly terror which seems to be numbing my feelings—in the midst of it all a drowsiness keeps stealing over me. I am now convinced either that vile potion must have been of extraordinary strength, or that I, through the shaking of the carriage or the unsteadiness of my hand, carried more to my mouth and swallowed more—I did not *mean* to swallow any—than I intended, for—you will hardly credit it, but—I *fell asleep!*

* * *

When I awake—awake with a bewildered, mixed sense of having been a long time asleep—of not knowing where I am—and of having some great dread and horror on my mind—awake and look around, the dawn is breaking. I shiver with the chilly sensation that the coming of even a warm day brings, and look around, still half unconsciously, in a misty way. But what has happened? How empty the carriage is! The dressing-case is gone! the clock is gone! the man who sat nearly opposite me is gone! *Watson is gone!* But the man in the cloak and the wax hands still sits beside me; still the hands are holding the paper; still the fur is touching me. Good God! I am *tête-à-tête* with him! A feeling of the most appalling desolation and despair comes over me—vanquishes me utterly. I clasp my hands together frantically, and, still looking at the dim form beside me, groan out: "Well! I did not think that Watson would have forsaken me!" Instantly, a sort of movement and shiver runs through the figure; the newspaper drops from the hands, which, however, continue to be still held out in the same position, as if still grasping it; and behind the newspaper, I see, by the dim morning light and the dim lamp-gleams, that there is no real face, but a mask. A sort of choked sound is coming from behind the mask. Shivers of cold fear are running over me. Never to this day shall I know what gave me the despairing courage to do it, but before I know what I am doing, I find myself tearing at the cloak—tearing away the mask—tearing away the hands. It would be better to find *anything* underneath—Satan himself—a horrible dead body—anything, sooner than submit any longer to this hideous mystery. And I am rewarded. When the cloak lies at the bottom of the carriage—when the mask, and false hands and false feet—there are false *feet* too—are also cast away, in different directions what do you think I find underneath?

Watson! Yes; it appears that while I slept—I feel sure that they must have rubbed some more of the drug on my lips, while I was unconscious, or I never could have slept so heavily or so long—they dressed up Watson in the mask, feet, hands, and cloak; set the hat on her head, gagged her, and placed her beside me in the attitude occupied by the man. They had then, at the next station, got out, taking with them dressing-case and clock, and had made off in all security. When I arrive in Paris, you will not be surprised to hear that it does not once occur to me whether I am looking green or no.

And this is the true history of my night journey to Paris! You will be glad, I dare say, to hear that I ultimately recovered my sapphires, and a good many of my other ornaments. The police being promptly set on, the robbers were, after much trouble and time, at length secured; and it turned out that the man in the cloak was an ex-valet of my husband's, who was acquainted with my bad habit of travelling in company with my trinkets—a bad habit which I have since seen fit to abandon.

What I have written is literally true, though it did not happen to myself.

☞ A young lady in Iowa recently whipped out an incipient conflagration with her stockings. She had heard that firemen used "hose" for stopping fires, and is now satisfied that they are the proper thing

A LUCKY MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY DAISY BURNS.

Yes, that was a lucky mistake. Oh, dear, just suppose I hadn't taken the wrong train; suppose—suppose. Well, suppose everything hadn't happened just as it did. I tremble for what "might have been."

I am Mabel Rose—was, I mean. Oh, dear, what a muss I'm getting in. I was an orphan and lived with my aunt, Mat Somers.

Aunt Mat had a step-son, George Somers. We went to school together, played together and grew up together! and as we grew up, the idea crept into our heads somehow or other to marry when we were grown. I don't suppose we cared three straws for one another, but it was settled we were going to marry. It was an event everybody, from Aunt Mat down to our cook, expected to take place some time. One day George came into my room—we were grown then—he was twenty-one and I seventeen.

"Mabel," he said, "you are going up to visit your Aunt Sue next week. Suppose I go with you, and we'll have a quiet wedding, then come back and surprise the folks. What say you?"

"Oh, George, that would be jolly. We won't say a word to Aunt Mat about it. Won't it be fun, though! It's most like a runaway match, isn't it?—so like a story?"

"You are willing, then?"

"Why, yes, it will be awful nice."

So, one bright summer morning, George and I stood on the platform at the depot, ready to start. The train came puffing up. I was eager to start; so, when I heard a voice say, "Here, give me your hand," I, thinking it was George, held out my hand without looking up, and in a second I was in the car. The door slammed and the train flew on. I looked around for George, but alas! there was no George there, and I saw in a moment this was the wrong train; it didn't go near Leaton, where my aunt lived. I saw that every face was strange, so I bowed my head and burst into tears.

"What in the world is the matter, little lady?" asked a manly voice.

I looked up, expecting to see the burly conductor; but instead, met the gaze of one of the handsomest men I ever saw.

"Oh, dear," I said, sobbing, "I'm on the wrong train, and I haven't got any money. George has got my pocket-book, and—and—oh, oh, oh."

"Don't cry;" and he sat down by me. "Tell me where you are going. I'll take care of you."

"Why, George and I were going up to Leaton. My Aunt Sue Roberts lives there. We were going to be married there, and 'twas all to be a secret, and—and—"

"Well—well, George will soon find you, and then the wedding can take place; but I've a sister in the preceding car—she gets off at the next station. I will go see her safely off with her friends, then return to you. Cheer up; we can take a hack at Pailton, and reach your aunt's by seven o'clock to-night."

He then left me, but soon returned, laughing heartily.

"There's been a double mistake," he said, "my sister has stopped at your place thinking it her destination, but she'll take care of herself I'm sure." He brought me oranges, apples, etc. I could scarcely eat them for looking at him, he was so handsome with his great brown eyes and waving hair—dear old Dick. Well, at last we reached Pailton, then we got a hack and that night we supped at my Aunt Sue's. He, but I forgot, he was Mr. Dick Tremaine—well next day he went in search of his sister, and where do you think he found her? why sitting very leisurely in my Aunt Mat's parlor playing the piano and singing to George. Yes, George saw her when she got off the train, so when she told him her mistake he very kindly took her home with him. Dick took his sister to her friend's at C——, where she was going in the first place, then he came all the way back to Leaton to bring me my pocketbook. I wrote to George I was not ready to marry until I got my wedding dress made, so he didn't come, but instead went up to C—— to fish with some boys. You see Agnes Tremaine was at C——, but, of course, George went there to fish. Well, Dick stayed at Leaton a long while but *he* wasn't fishing. I was having a real fine time going to balls, theatres, etc., with Dick, when one day in walked George.

"Mabel," he said, and he did look so sheepish, "if your dress is ready I suppose we might as well have the wedding over."

"Oh, George, I've never thought of the dress since I wrote. I forgot it entirely."

"Why, Mabel!" Just at that moment, I don't see why, but Richard Tremaine's face would stay right before my eyes all the time. I looked up at George, he looked as if he was awaiting his death-warrant; then burst into a laugh.

"George," I said, "suppose you and I don't marry."

"What did you say, Mabel?"

"Why—why don't let's you and I marry, I don't care to."

"Are you serious?"

"Never was more so in my life."

Well, the boy really danced. I never saw a fellow in such glee, he threw his arms around, kissed me again and again, and while he hauled me around the room in this fashion told me I was the best girl in the world, but he did love Agnes Tremaine best, and he couldn't help it.

When George found he was free he went straight to Agnes, and I, well I sat down and had a good laugh; and just then Dick came in, and when he asked me the cause of such merriment, I told him all, and he said—but I'm not going to tell what he said, suffice it to say my name is Mabel Tremaine now, and Dick is my husband. And I say again wasn't that a lucky mistake, for if it hadn't been for that I'd have been George's wife, and I don't think we'd have been nearly so happy as Dick and I are.

George and Agnes seem to get on nicely, for Agnes gave right in, and George is "boss," and that is what Dick is not. We have no "*boss*," and it's a heap nicer without one.

A Bashful Lover.

A young lady in New Orleans visited a popular clergman recently to arrange for a wedding ceremony between herself and lover, he being too bashful to take preliminary steps. The blushing fair one presented the license to the astonished clergyman, and the arrangements were duly made. The day had arrived for the ceremony in the church, the audience waiting with impatience the appearance of the noble bridegroom and gentle bride. But the expected couple were in the rectory, the minister, meanwhile, laboring with the "faint heart," who, contrary to the old adage, *had* won the "fair lady." The poor fellow was willing to be married then and there, but positively refused to enter the church, and appear before all that crowd of people. The minister, equally firm, reproached him for his indecision, and refused to adjust the fastenings, when the weeping beauty and her timid lover sorrowfully departed, probably to have a more quiet tying-up elsewhere.

☞ Why does a retired confectioner resemble a faithless lover? Because he leaves his sweet'art to the care of another.

☞ Captain Kidd's particular trunk has been dug up at Cape May, with untold wealth therein. A local paper reports this, adding that the pirate's name is on the outside of the trunk; but another account says it has calfskin instead of Kidd on it.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ "To dye, to sleep," as the young lady said as she dismissed her maid for the night.

☞ A Maine paper reports a midnight performance by cats as a Thomas concert.

☞ A Connecticut woman will celebrate a tin divorce, and mom would be glad to.

☞ The very latest. Why is love like a Scotch plaid? Because it is all stuff and often crossed.

☞ A young lady at Greenville, Tennessee, recently presented her lover with an elaborately constructed pen-wiper, and was astonished the following Sunday to see him enter church, wearing it as a cravat.

☞ The Utica Herald offers the following to pedestrians: "If you see a dog's tail on the snow don't pick it up. The probability is that there will be a dog under the drift, and he may object to your familiarity."

☞ "Why Did He Not Die?" is the title of a new novel. We have not read the conundrum, but believe the answer to be, because he refused to take his medicine.

☞ A Montgomery county farmer recklessly publishes the following challenge: "I will bet $42 25 that my hired man can take longer to go the harvest-field, get back to dinner quicker, eat more, do less, and bear down harder on a panel of the fence, than any other hired man within fifteen miles of the flag-staff in Norristown."

☞ A lad in Michigan did not believe half the stories he heard of nitro-glycerine and kicked a can just for fun. He has learned to hop about on one foot quite well, but has given up base ball and tag.

☞ A new form of emotional insanity has been discovered in Kentucky, where the counsel for the defendant in a breach of promise suit, pleaded that his client was subject to uncontrollable fits of love-making, accompanied by a morbid dislike to matrimony.

☞ The introduction of gondolas is talked of in Chicago. They are to be 1,800 feet in length and worked by engines of 2,000 horse power. It is expected that these light skiffs gliding over the canal or river will have a very picturesque effect, and give to the city quite a Venetian aspect. They will be used principally to convey garbage and filth up and down the river.

☞ A New London merchant sent an order to a State street firm one day last week, the bearer being a youth of eighty summers. The note began as follows: "Please send per boy."

☞ A St. Louis editor, in speaking of a brother ink-slinger, says, "He is young yet, but he can sit at his desk and brush the cobwebs from the ceiling with his ears."

☞ One of the Oneida Community who embezzled two dollars was put under the pump for half an hour, his head shaved, and he was then dismissed from the neighborhood.

☞ A Peorian threatens to sue the city because there isn't any other sort of sewer in his street.—*World.*

☞ It is said that Richard III. must have been a prohibitionist, because he stopped King Henry's "bier."

☞ The baby hippopotamus in London has no teeth, and an iron foundry firm are about to cast him a set of uppers to use until his own come.

☞ An Indiana woman threw a burglar down-stairs and broke his neck, under the impression that it was her husband.

☞ The lovers of pork in New Zealand are happy in the knowledge that there are about 1,000 more *pigs* than human beings on that island.

☞ There was a little parliamentary discussion in the Florida Senate the other day, in the course of which the President *pro tem.* was knocked down by an honorable member. In the language of the local reporter, "the President actually flew into pieces, his wig, glass eye and false teeth being scattered over the Senate chamber." He asked time to collect himself, which was granted.

☞ An Albany, N. Y., man has been arrested for stealing a canal boat, and though a strict search has been made in his house, and upon his person, the missing property has not yet been found.

☞ A skilful Nimrod of Wheatland, Mo., saw a rabbit run into a hollow log, and took it into his head to crawl after it. When he had got inside the log began to roll down hill. On arriving at the bottom he was considerably bruised, and didn't catch the rabbit after all.

☞ In Minnesota, this winter, they wear coverings on their noses. In the language of those Far-Westers, the coverings are known as "bugle-bags."

☞ A well-built woman is probably she of the alabaster neck, marble brow and arch expression.

☞ A man in Vinton, Iowa, recently sued sixty-one of his neighbors in a single day, and thinks his time will now be pleasantly occupied through the winter.

☞ The poet of the Lynchburg News hasn't been particularly lucky. In an ode to his girl, he says, "Keen is your sorrow, but keener is my grief." The compositor, who lost his undermost nickel on the top row, the night before, set up, "but *kene* is my grief."

☞ A Pennsylvania woman who has for two years been afflicted by the cancer, and has been treated by eminent physicians without obtaining relief, dreamed that a stranger came to her house and gave her some medicines, saying that they would effectually cure her. Next day, on going to the door and looking out, she saw the identical man of her dream approaching the house. He offered her a bottle of medicine to cure her cancer. She took it, followed his directions, and is now—as bad as ever.

☞ The New Bedford Mercury says that a monkey which deserted from a South American schooner at New York and hid away on a New Bedford steamer, came so near starving before he reached the whale-oil metropolis, that he ate one of his toes and a part of his tail as a substitute for rations. His "narrative" must be a painful one.

☞ Western audiences are thronging to hear one of Brigham Young's disappointed brides lecture on the difference between what her former days were and her latter days ain't.

☞ A Philadelphia Institution.—One hundred and eight thousand dwellings in Philadelphia are supplied with water privileges through the Schuylkill and Delaware Water Works. The whole number of dwellings in New York, all told, including those without water as well as those with water, do not equal in number even those in Philadelphia which are fully supplied with that great promoter of health, decency and civilization, an abundant supply of water at a cheap rate of cost. And what city anywhere can make such an exhibit as that contained in our Water Department statistics, viz: Thirty-four thousand two hundred and thirty-two baths in private houses.

☞ A lady was told the other day by a travelling gentleman (travellers, you know, are proverbially given to fabrication), that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by government. "Is it pothible?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could. The gentleman added "that if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands." "Mgraciona!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to the full extent. The gentleman became much alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

☞ A gallant New Haven swain went with two fair ones to be vaccinated. At the first touch of the lancet the youth fainted, and was carried home on a shutter by the young ladies after their arms had been attended to.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNE L. FORCELLE.

Arthur Dayton was studying law; there was no doubt about that, for he was seated in company with three or four others in the office of Erskine & Eldridge, his chair tilted back against the wall, and a book open before him. Studying law to all appearance, but it is doubtful if his handsome eyes had seen anything for the last hour save the passers in the street below.

So absorbed had he been in this occupation of gazing out of the window, that Mr. Erskine had once or twice looked up from his writing half-inclined to speak to him, and then had given it up and gone back to his work again. He couldn't help it if Arthur chose to waste his opportunities he thought. And so the young idler was undisturbed.

It was very quiet in the office, even the scratching of the pens sounded subdued and hushed, but suddenly the figure by the farther window started into life; the book fell to the floor with a crash; the front legs of the tilted chair came down squarely, and then the originator of the disturbance rose to his feet, sublimely indifferent to the confusion which he had created.

Had it been any other of the students, Mr. Erskine would have reprimanded him sharply, for he was a nervous man and impatient of unnecessary noise, but it was Arthur Dayton, and he let it pass without comment, even smiling a little as he saw the grave, methodical way in which the book was picked up and the chair set back against the wall.

"Going?" he asked as the young fellow passed by.

"Yes, sir. I shan't come back to-night, probably, it's so late," and then the office door was shut and quiet reigned again.

And what had so suddenly called Arthur away? It was a smile and a shy glance from a pair of dark eyes.

He saw, as he gained the pavement, a well-known, girlish figure not two squares away, walking beside another, taller and much more graceful, and then quickening his pace a little he joined the two.

"I was just starting away," he said, after the first greeting. "Was I not fortunate that I saw you from the window in time to secure company for a portion of my walk."

It was to Lucy Erskine, the taller of the two, to whom he spoke, and it was by her side that he walked, but the dark-eyed girl knew that it was her smile that had brought him there, and was satisfied.

"Just the time for a drive," he said, as they stood for a moment on the steps of Lucy's home. "Thank you, no, Lucy. I'll not come in. If I come around in half an hour will you ride with me, Marah?—it's useless to ask you, Lucy. I know it from experience."

Once outside the city, riding along the quiet country roads with Marah King by his side, Arthur Dayton would not have changed places with any one in the world. Whenever he took Lucy to ride she was full of worries and alarm; she viewed his fiery colt with suspicion, and evidently had not implicit faith in the skill of her charioteer; but Marah was entirely different. She was neither afraid of the horse nor its driver. The faster he drove the better she enjoyed it, and when they were outside of the city where there was no one to see, she had the most charming little way of nestling close to him and slipping her hands into his pockets to investigate their contents.

He was not "in love" with her at all, but he was in just that state of mind when a little push one way or the other would be decisive. They had been children together, not two months difference in their ages, and had quarrelled and made up again, after the time-honored fashion of children, until her father, seized by a certain whim, had moved to the South, taking her with him.

That was eight years ago, and now Marah was back again fatherless, homeless, almost penniless, with only herself to depend upon. Had it not been for Lucy Erskine's warm friendship and urgent invitation to stay with her during the summer, Marah would hardly have known which way to turn; as it was, she was enjoying her visit to the utmost and shutting her eyes to the dreary future—for dreary it promised to be.

She was not thoroughly enough educated to teach—not even those things which she understood and liked herself; she had no relations to help her, and she was no beauty who would have her hands full of offers, and who could sell her beauty for wealth. It was a hard place for one so childlike and inexperienced as she seemed; but, childlike, she never appeared to realize it in the least.

It was her perfect artlessness, her perfect childishness which had attracted Arthur Dayton to her at the first of his visits. At their first meeting, alone in the quiet little morning-room at Lucy's, she had seemed to entirely forget the years which had passed and to look upon him only as the boy with whom she had played and quarrelled.

"Why, Arthur," she had said simply, and something—a kind of half-disappointment in her eyes, as he took her hand—made him, with a laughing apology, stoop and kiss her. After that there could be no affectation of reserve between them, and it was very pleasant to Arthur to be teased, and scolded, and petted, and looked up to as he was by her.

Lucy was a beauty, fair and lady-like, but she was gentle and quiet, self-repressed and undemonstrative, while Marah with her saucy, not-at-all-pretty-face, her butterfly ways, her childish ignorance of "the proprieties," and her evident liking for himself was very charming to him.

He was very boyish as yet, despite his mature look—not twenty-one—and as it is with most of us at that time, he believed in every woman thoroughly—he never thought that every woman could be different from what she seemed. Had any one told him that Marah King was mercenary, scheming and hypocritical, he would undoubtedly have given his informer the lie, and then knocked him down. He was obstinate, tremendously so, hot headed and with a temper which had been the terror of his household during his infancy, handsome, unusually so, and withal a very fine, honest and manly young fellow. This was Arthur Dayton at twenty.

It was late—after sunset, when they turned their faces homeward, and the wind blew chilly and damp. Arthur wrapped the carriage robe warmly around his companion, and then they whirled along the smooth road and through the city streets at a pace which brought the color to Marah's cheeks finely, and made her eyes fairly dance.

"How splendid!" she cried, as, after a masterly turn around the corner, within a sixteenth of an inch of the curbstone, the fiery horse stopped before her home, and Arthur, alighting, helped her to descend. "Can't you come in?"

"Not to-night. I am sorry, but mother wishes me to go out with her. Good-night."

"Good-night." How disappointed her voice sounded; he hesitated for a moment.

"To-morrow night, little girl?"

"Oh, if you *would!*" Only a woman knows how to flatter, and not every woman either, but Marah King understood it perfectly.

"Then I will, certainly," and then Marah dropped her glove, and as he returned it what was more natural than to kiss her? Any way he did it, and, to his great disgust, just at that moment the hall-door opened, letting a flood of light on the little tableau, and Lucy appeared on the threshold.

"Confound it!" he said rather savagely, and yet laughing in spite of himself, as Marah ran up the steps, and then he was off like a meteor through the darkening streets.

Marah avoided Lucy's eyes with a little blush, but, greatly to her disappointment, Lucy said not one word about the little episode.

"I wonder if she saw," thought Marah all the long evening, during which Lucy seemed a little more silent than usual, and then when they were together in their own room, she determined to find out.

"Lucy," she said, with a pretty little affectation of embarassment, "are you angry with me? I am awfully sorry, dear." She was down on her knees beside her friend, looking more childish than ever in her white night-dress, her short black hair brushed plainly back, and her face looking almost pretty in its pleading innocence. "I did not mean to let him, Lucy; he was very bold."

Lucy relented as she looked down at her. "I would not let it happen again, Marah; that is all. You will be careful?"

"Oh, Lucy—you *know* I will!" and then came a little rush of tears, and Lucy thought herself very hard-hearted indeed to say anything unpleasant to such a friendless, gentle little girl, who had no one to direct or caution her.

"There, there, dearie," she said, lifting the drooping head and kissing the quivering lips—"it's all right. Don't cry about it—once will not do much harm. Now *don't*, Marah dear!" and so Marah was quieted, but long after Lucy thought her asleep, and lay blaming herself again as she listened to her quick, childish sobs, she was wide-awake, and thinking busily.

"Once," Lucy had said. Marah wanted to laugh as she thought of it, but turned the laugh into a sob for Lucy's benefit. "Only once"—it was too good a joke, and, soothed by the thought, Marah fell asleep in reality, and the sobs ceased with an abruptness which quite surprised the self-reproachful Lucy.

The next evening when Arthur came, Marah was waiting for him alone. "Poor dear Lucy" had a headache, but would come down before he left. "Meanwhile," said Marah, "I must try to entertain you," and Arthur thought she would not find it a hard task.

She looked almost pretty by gaslight; her dark face was flushed a little, perhaps a box of *rouge* hidden at the very bottom of her trunk might have explained that; her short, thick curls were tied back with a scarlet ribbon, and her muslin dress fitted her to perfection—no wonder Arthur was resigned to the idea of being entertained by her.

"I am sorry for Lucy," he said, "but I think we can have a pleasant evening. Don't you, little one?" and Marah's eyes answered for her.

"You must promise to obey me, though," stipulated the young gentleman, "and I am a terrible tyrant. Aren't you afraid?"

"No—not of you—" there was a little stress on the last word which meant a great deal.

"You promise?—sing for me then."

Marah laughed. "You like my singing?" she said. "I am very glad," and then she sat down without hesitation or excuse and began to play.

A learned writer has said, "No woman can accomplish anything in life without being sure of two things:—her own excellences and her own deficiencies." Marah understood both perfectly. She knew that she was deficient in many things, but she also knew her own "good points" thoroughly. She knew her eyes were fine, and she knew how to manage them; she knew her teeth were perfect, and she smiled often; and she knew that she appeared at her very best when singing—therefore she sang.

Her voice was good, although not remarkable, her playing would not endure criticism, but all the actress-talent which her poor dead mother had bequeathed her came to view as she sang.

It was a gay little air which she chose first, one that fitted well her ringing voice—full of bright little trills and ripples—then came a rollicking drinking song, and then, with a whimsical change from gay to grave, she played a soft prelude, and with a tenderness in her voice and manner which he had never seen before she sang:

"Oh! loving eyes—look into mine,
Oh, tender heart—be warm and true,
Oh, clasping hands—still hold me close,
This earth is heaven, love, with you.

"Sleeping I dreamed that you were changed,
That you had grown both stern and cold,
You loved me not. Oh, love, the pain
Of that brief dream can ne'er be told!

"But you are here—no cloud has dimmed
The inwright in your soulful eyes;
Your hand clasps mine—the dreary world
With you, dear heart, is paradise."

There were tears in her eyes as she ceased, letting her hands fall into her lap in a tired, hopeless way, (a *very* good actress was this little Marah,) and for a moment there was absolute silence in the room, broken at last by a little laugh from Arthur. (That laugh grated on Marah cruelly—she had expected something so different. She did not know that, boy-like, Arthur strove to conceal any emotion he might feel by an appearance of airy indifference.)

"You shall not sing any more," he said, leading her to a seat on a little sofa beside him. "You are not like yourself to-night. What is the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Marah; "only—"

"Only what?" he demanded, and then with much confusion and hesitation she told what had happened the previous night: exaggerating here, and diminishing there, until it really seemed as though Lucy had been very harsh and severe.

"Not that she *meant* to hurt my feelings," said Marah, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, "but she don't understand me—no one does. I feel as though I hadn't a friend in the world but you, Arthur, and I thought—I would ask you—if it was so very naughty—and ask you—please not to do it again."

There was a sharp, straight line on Arthur's forehead which showed that Marah had not spoken in vain, and his handsome eyes had a steady gleam in them which was not pleasant to see, but he answered her with a laugh.

"So Lucy has been scolding, has she? Never you mind, little one, it was not wrong at all, but I won't do it again. Don't worry."

Naughty as it was, it must be confessed that Marah, at that moment felt a strong disposition to box the speaker's ears soundly. Knowing as she did just where Arthur stood with regard to herself, she had resolved to administer the "little push" in the right direction—and now this—the trial push—had failed—she must try again.

"I think, Arthur," she said, "that I had better go away pretty soon. Lucy is very kind, but she doesn't seem as fond of me as she did—and I must find something to do for myself."

The sharp line grew deeper, but he laughed again. "I shall speak to Lucy," he said. "She shall not blame you on my account," and then the door opened, and Marah had the unpleasant consciousness that both her "little pushes" had been failures.

It was Lucy who entered, a smile on her beautiful face, her soft, gray dress falling around her in cloud-like folds, and her bright hair floating over her shoulders.

"I heard you singing," she said to Marah, after a quiet greeting to Arthur. "Do not let me interrupt you."

Marah rose. "I had quite finished," she answered, "and I am so tired that I think I will bid you both good-night if you don't mind," and then with a slyly offered hand to Arthur and a smile to Lucy she left them.

It was an awkward moment to Lucy after Marah closed the door. She knew perfectly well by the look on Arthur's face just what was coming. She knew that he was often hasty and unjust, and she saw that he was very much displeased and disturbed; but when he spoke, she sat and listened quietly, without a word of defence or excuse.

"I am sorry that you can have the heart to be so hard and unjust to a poor little girl like Marah," he said at last; and then for once Lucy lost her usual lady-like calmness of manner, and flushing deeply, even to her fair hair, answered almost sharply,

"Oh, Arthur! it is you who are unjust. Who is Marah, that she should turn you against me? Why must she come between us?—we who have been friends all our lives? If you only knew—" She caught her breath suddenly and stopped, biting her lips nervously, while the hot flush died away, leaving her very pale.

"If I only knew what, Lucy?" He turned upon her in his boyishly impatient way. "Explain, if you please."

For one moment Lucy Erskine was tempted to lift the veil and show him Marah's true character as it had been revealed to her during the past summer. For one moment she was tempted to tell of her little hypocritical ways, her utter selfishness, her "white lies," the many little sins and deceptions of her every-day life, but that temptation was only momentary. "Poor little thing!" thought Lucy, "she has no mother;" and so she kept the hard truths back.

"I do not think," she said quietly, "that you know Marah perfectly. I am afraid—"

"That will do," he said, the old temper flashing out. "We will not talk of it any more, if you please—only you needn't scold her again, if you see me kiss her—I may not know her perfectly, but I know her well enough to ask her to marry me."

"Do you mean it?" said Lucy, looking at him earnestly, almost appealingly. "Are you in earnest?"

"Yes," he answered, "I mean it," and she knew from his voice that he did. Marah's "little pushes" had failed completely, but this talk with Lucy had been decisive; his boyish vanity and obstinacy had taken alarm at even the thought of advice or dictation, and he had determined to assert his own manliness at once.

Lucy rose and gave him her hand. "I am very sorry," she said simply, "but I hope you will be happy."

Arthur's heart smote him as he looked down at her. Dim visions of the old childish days came back to him—days when Lucy and Marah had been his playmates, and he faintly remembered that it was always Lucy—golden-haired little Lucy—who had given him her playthings to spoil and her dolls to maltreat, while Marah had often rebelled against his authority and defended her possessions from his inroads with spirit and vigor. It was Lucy who cried when he cut his fingers, and gave him her wee "handkerchief" to bandage his wounds; and thinking of these things, he was heartily sorry he had been so harsh toward her.

"I wish you could say something more cheering for the sake of old times, Lucy," he said, "but for old times' sake take this," and he bent and kissed her lips.

She did not blush or frown; she took it as he gave it, "for old times' sake."

"I wish I could," she answered, and then he went away, and Lucy, going up to her room, looked at Marah as she lay asleep, the *rouge* and powder gone, and her sallow face looking sharp and thin against the white pillows—looked at her long and earnestly, and then sinking upon her knees, prayed—not for herself—but for Arthur and the girl he had chosen for his wife.

And when, a day or two after, Marah came to her with the story of her engagement, she held her close and kissed her. "Make him happy, Marah," she said. "Be true to yourself and him in all things, even the least, and God bless you."

After her engagement, of course Marah's "taking care of herself" was not to be thought of. She was to be married early in the spring—Arthur would have it so, and Mr. and Mrs. Erskine would not hear to her going away until then.

"The poor little thing has not a relation in the world to help her," Lucy had said, and straightway they took her affairs into their own hands.

"You must stay and be another daughter to us this winter," said Mrs. Erskine in her kind way. "It will be very pleasant for all of us, and you ought to see a little of society before you make your appearance as a bride." And so Marah, with tearful protestations of gratitude, stayed.

It was a very pleasant situation in which Marah found herself, and at present there seemed not a cloud in sight; engaged to Arthur Dayton, who, if not extraordinarily wealthy, had yet money enough to make life very pleasant; and with a brilliant winter before her, with Mrs. Erskine for a *chaperone*, what could she ask for more?

This winter was the beginning of a new life to Marah. Under Mrs. Erskine's care, Lucy and she went to balls, parties, concerts and operas without number, and even Lucy was surprised at the change this gay manner of living made in her friend.

She developed wonderfully—the old affectation of shyness was laid aside completely, and before the first month of the season was over, she had established a reputation for brilliancy and *esprit* which was something surprising. At first she seemed contented with this, and kept demurely beside Mrs. Erskine, acting her part of an "engaged" young lady to perfection; but after a little time, even her kind friends could not help seeing that Marah was a little inclined, notwithstanding her engagement, to flirt.

The truth was Marah was becoming more and more convinced, as the days went by, that her engagement to Arthur Dayton was a great mistake on her part. When she had first come to Windham she had come with a firm determination to "improve her opportunities" to the utmost. The idea of working for her own support was a very unpleasant one, and she had made up her mind that she would do no such thing—the only alternative in her case was marriage—and so this child-like little Marah had deliberately set herself to work to accomplish this. Her engagement to Arthur Dayton had been a great relief to her at the time, for she had almost begun to despair, but now—after a few weeks of uncertainty, she was quite sure that she could, in worldly parlance, "have done very much better for herself."

Lucy saw this change in Marah very clearly, for the little schemer had long ago failed to deceive or humbug her in the least, and seeing it, she was greatly troubled thereby. "If Arthur would only go with us more frequently," she thought, "it would be better in every way;" but Arthur had turned industrious this winter, and could scarcely ever be persuaded to accompany them, and even when he did, Lucy saw that his manner was queerly constrained toward Marah, and that he seemed to care very little when she coquettishly tried to tease him by flirting with some one else.

And so Marah went on unchecked. At last, however, Mrs. Erskine felt it her duty to speak to her charge on the subject, and very gently and lovingly did she do it; but so utterly surprised did the young lady seem at the charge of "flirting," so distressed at having unintentionally done wrong, and so perfectly free from all thought of deception, that Mrs. Erskine wondered how she could have suspected her of anything of the kind, and soon petted her smiles back again.

"It's only about Colonel Nye that I particularly wished to speak, my dear," she said. "It cannot be pleasant to Arthur to hear your names mentioned together as they may be, and have been. When one is engaged it's best not even to encourage friendship too much."

"I will be very careful," said Marah; and Mrs. Erskine left her, feeling that she had been a little unjust toward her in heart, and determining to make amends in some way.

The two girls still roomed together,—Marah persisting that she could not bear to stay alone, and Lucy quietly submitting to the many inconveniences such an arrangement necessarily caused; and that night, as they were preparing to retire, a folded paper fell out of Marah's dress and floated to the floor at Lucy's feet.

Lucy picked it up to return it, and as she did so her eyes fell upon two words, "Dear Marah;" that was all, but those two words were not in Arthur Dayton's handwriting, and there was a look in Lucy's eyes, as she quietly laid the tale-bearer on the stand, which made Marah's face burn hotly behind her *rouge* and powder.

"I—that is—" she began, but Lucy quietly interposed.

"Don't make any explanations to me, Marah. If there are any to make, they belong to your promised husband. Do you remember what I told you that night when you were first engaged?"

Marah was thoroughly frightened, and yet very angry, but she answered with the old affectation of childishness:

"Not quite, Loo dear—something about being good, and—"

"I said,"—Lucy entirely disregarded her pretty little piece of acting—"be true to yourself and him in all things, even the least; how far you have failed in this you alone know; but that you have failed I cannot help seeing. Oh, Marah!"—she was very earnest now, and she laid her hand gently on Marah's shoulder—"be careful. You do not know Arthur thoroughly as yet. I am afraid—very much afraid—that you do not—"

The anger which had risen in Marah's heart could no longer be subdued or hidden; she flung Lucy's hand off rudely.

"'I do not know him?'" she cried. "You do, I see. It's a pity that he did not fall in love with you instead of me!"

For one instant a blaze of scorn came into Lucy's mild eyes, but she waited a moment and steadied her voice before she spoke again, and then she utterly ignored Marah's taunt.

"I am sorry you are angry, Marah, but I felt that I ought to speak to you. That paper—"

"If Colonel Nye chooses to write me a note," Marah interrupted, hotly, "I don't see the harm; and if he chooses—mind, I only say 'if'—to ask me to marry him, and I choose to accept, I don't see the harm either. You needn't stand staring at me, Lucy. No doubt Arthur is a model young man. I say nothing to the contrary, but we are in every way unsuited to each other. I am years older than he—in experience at least." It was the real Marah that was speaking now,—all the affectation of childishness was gone, and she was, for once, speaking as she felt. "He would be very miserable with me after a little, Lucy." There was a real womanly earnestness in her voice and manner, and Lucy could not help pitying her. "It will be better for him if we separate now. I am mercenary, hard, worldly and unlovable. I was brought up in a way to make me so—to make me what I am—a sham throughout. Arthur would find me out and hate me; Colonel Nye never will, and, Lucy, I am going to marry him."

And so it was suddenly announced that the first engagement had been a "mistake," and although Mrs. Erskine was shocked and indignant at first, Marah had won such a place in her heart that she was soon won over, and although she could not feel reconciled to thinking of pompous, overbearing Colonel Nye as "little Marah's" husband, she finally consoled herself with the reflection that we could not all see alike, and she supposed "the child knew her own heart best."

And Arthur. Lucy dreaded meeting him more than she could tell, after what had passed. "Poor Arthur!" she thought, "how hard it must be for him!" and she almost hated Marah for seeming so bright and happy after what she had done. One day, however, he came, asking this time, not for Marah, but for Lucy.

Lucy's hands trembled as she laid her sewing aside, (a bit of embroidery to add to Marah's modest *trousseau*,) and rose to go down. Marah was out with her husband that was to be, and no one was near to criticise her unusual nervousness—for which she was indeed thankful. She smoothed her fair hair back hastily, and then went down to him.

He was standing with his back to her at the window, but as he heard the rustle of her dress, he turned and came to her with both hands extended. And she noticed with a little wonderment how manly and self-possessed he had become during the past weeks; the old-time boyishness of look and manner was gone entirely.

"I am very glad to see you, Lucy," he said, looking down at her and smiling. "We are not to be strangers any more, you know. You have not been like yourself toward me this winter, and I am tired of being treated so. I want my old place again."

Lucy stood looking away from him, her blue eyes full of tears, her slender fingers pulling at each other nervously, and she said nothing.

"You were in the right, Lucy, and I was in the wrong about Marah," he said. "I did not know her, Lucy; and, more than that, I did not love her. I knew it as soon as I had taken the decisive step; but I should have married her, had she not herself broken the engagement. I have been more unhappy than you can think this winter, Lucy."

The hands which he held clasped close in his were trembling, the beautiful face was bent low.

"Lucy," he whispered, "when I realized what I had done,—how I had, in sheer wilfulness—sealed my own fate, I was miserable indeed, for I realized then, that I not only did not love her whom I was to marry, but that I loved some one else dearly."

Still she did not look up to meet his eyes; her head drooped lower, but she said nothing.

"Lucy, my darling, look at me. May I tell you whom I love?"

And then Lucy raised her head and read the secret in his earnest eyes.

Marah and Colonel Nye were married very soon after their engagement was announced. Colonel Nye was wealthy, and by no means young; and Marah had fascinated him completely with her bright, coquettish ways; so completely that he detected no failings whatever in his charmer; and as Marah has money enough, and is indulged in everything, she is content, and therefore amiable. She coaxes and flatters her old husband until he gives her her own way in everything, and considers that she has reached the summit of earthly happiness when her name appears in the "Washington Correspondence" as the most richly-dressed and fashionable lady in Washington society. "The brilliant and fascinating Mrs. Colonel Nye," (as she is styled by the fashionables,) looks back with scorn upon her former life; she wonders how Lucy "with her face and figure," could be content to settle down in that quiet city which Marah herself had once thought so gay. And she has written her many urgent invitations to come to her fine house in Washington, to pay back the old visit, but Lucy steadily declines them all; she is happy where she is.

Let us take one last look at her before we leave her. She is standing beside Arthur Dayton, her white dress making her look lovelier than ever—her blue eyes shining softly through her filmy veil, and orange-blossoms wreathed in her fair hair.

"Lucy," he whispers, "do you remember when you wished me happiness once, long ago?"

"I remember," answers Lucy, softly. "Shall I wish you happiness again?"

"No;" he lifts her blushing face and kisses her lips, cheeks and brow; "no, my darling, for I have found it—after many days."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE. By GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D. C. L., author of "Annals of an Eventful Life." With Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Price 75 cents.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST. By Miss ELIZA A. DUPUY. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price $1.75 in Cloth, or $1.50 in Paper Cover.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY IN SEARCH OF A GOOD SERVANT. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price 50 cents.

UNCONSCIOUS ACTION OF THE BRAIN, AND EPIDEMIC DELUSIONS. By Dr. W. B. CARPENTER, F. R. S. This little publication is number six of that unusually excellent series, "Half-hour Recreations in Popular Science." Published by Estes & Lauriat, 143 Washington st., Boston. Price 25 cents.

THE OLD DOMINION. A Monthly Magazine of Literature, Science and Art. January, 1873. Published at 305 Byrd street, Richmond, Virginia.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW for January contains some very excellent articles. Published by the Review Publishing Co., N. W. corner Walnut and Fourth sts., Philada.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for February. Published by Wood & Holbrook, New York.

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDER for 1873. Illustrated with Engravings. Published by Henry A. Dreer, Seedsman and Florist, 714 Chestnut street, Philada.

Mrs. Partington on Domestics.

"The plague of our housekeepers," said Dr. Spooner as he sat with Mrs Partington in her little front parlor, "is domestics. They don't work well; they are always troublesome; and they make such a racket there's no living in peace with them."

"I'm shore I am surprised to hear you say so," replied she; "for mine is very different. It never gets decomposed, and a little oil in the joints makes all go as smooth as can be."

"Oil in the joints, madam!" the doctor almost screamed; "that is impossible; besides, it would be highly improper. No domestic will submit, madam, to be oiled in the joints! Impossible!"

"But, my dear doctor," said Mrs. P., laying her finger on his coat-sleeve, "I can insure you that it is not impossible; and, if you will step into the next room, I will show you how I lubricate my Domestic, in every joint, and nothing improper in it at all.

The doctor looked at her, half aghast; his sense of propriety was in danger of being offended. Should he or should he not? he asked, and decided he should. They entered the adjacent room, and stopped at the threshold with surprise; for there sat Ike at Mrs. Partington's "Domestic" Sewing Machine, making the wheel revolve rapidly and the needle fly at a bewildering gallop.

"What are you doing with my Domestic, you bad boy?" said she excitedly.

"I was seeing if 'twouldn't make a noise, like Aunt Tilda's," replied he, getting out of the chair, and grinning; "but there isn't a bit of noise in it. Aunt Tilda's is like a steam fire engine and a locomotive—bully, I tell you!—but I've been running this for half an hour, and can't get even a squeak out of it."

Mrs. Partington smiled.

"And this, then, is your domestic?" remarked the doctor, relieved of his apprehension. "Such a one must be invaluable in a quiet family, whose violence can be subdued by merely a drop of oil!"

The doctor went out, and Ike turned his attention to slamming the stove door, in faint imitation of Aunt Tilda's machine.

A Detective's Story.

A little episode in the life of Detective Becker, of Newark, reads like a novel writer's story. Mr. Becker was ordered to Fort Wayne some time ago to work up a counterfeiting gang. After much trouble he succeeded in getting admitted to the gang, under the name of "Dutch Jim." The Newark Courier tells the rest:

"Their headquarters was in one of the cemeteries, where they met nightly, and a partially opened grave, in an obscure part of the burial ground, contained the spoils of not only the result of the counterfeiting, but of a number of bold robberies committed by the gang. The detective worked his case well, and was astonished to find that several of the gang were well-known citizens and members of churches. Had the gang once suspected the true character of 'Dutch Jim,' that shrewd and cunning fellow's life would have been the forfeit. Different ones of the gang were arrested, and always 'Dutch Jim' was one of the party 'copped,' but he managed (always by the 'skin of his teeth' apparently) to be released.

"At last the final blow came—the arrest of the five leaders, and 'Dutch Jim' was one. They were on their way to commit a burglary in a neighboring town. Becker had telegraphed government officers to be ready, and when the train reached the depot, the car which the burglars occupied was boarded by a dozen officers. A fearful fight occurred, and as it was not yet time for 'Dutch Jim' to be publicly known, he entered into the fight with as much earnestness (to all appearances) as did his 'pals,' and he did receive in return some good blows. The ringleaders were captured, and in company with 'Jim from Jersey,' were put in cells. When the day of examination came, 'Dutch Jim' was put on the stand, and when he gave as his occupation 'Government Secret Service Officer,' the counterfeiters wilted. The evidence was too strong to be broken, and the gang was secured. Becker has since returned to Newark, and is now on the city force.

☞ To make newspapers bright—make a bonfire of them.

☞ A French daily gives a detailed account of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris, from which the curious fact appears that the average sale per week of eyes for the human head amounts to four hundred. One of the leading dealers in this article carries on business in a saloon of great magnificence; his servant has but one eye, and the effect of an eye wanted for a customer is conveniently tried in the valet's head. The charge is about ten dollars per eye. For the poor there are second-hand eyes, which have been worn and then exchanged for new ones.

☞ Pimples and brown spots on the face, Eruptions, Blotches, Scrofulous Diseases, and all sores arising from impure blood, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. (109).

Mrs. T. G. HOYT, of No. 167 West Thirty-fourth street, New York, has been using a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for ten years, during which time it has never been out of order and did not cost one cent for repair.

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PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

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DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York

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A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge*. This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D., New York City. oct12-1y

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Andinnian's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquette," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Raeburn," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Headdresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	3.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the *sender* of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded in *all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1873.

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RATES:

Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($2.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." (Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.)

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($2.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (with the CHROMO, or one of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS,) and a copy of "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO" (postage paid), for $4.50.

One copy of PEMBERTON (postage paid) $1.75.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $2.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $10 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

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☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

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☞ BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

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BACK NUMBERS.

We are still able to supply back numbers of THE POST to the first paper of the year, containing the whole of Burr Thornbury's story of "Ravenswood," and a great variety of smaller stories, and other interesting matter.

Clubs beginning with the first paper in January, can thus have additions made to them, and back numbers supplied; and new clubs can be made up to begin at that favorite period.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

A WHISKY RING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is something grotesquely horrible, nay, shocking even, in calling it that; there is, indeed, a touch of the weird and awful in such a naming of what is to follow, but just those words appear before the eyes of my mind again and over again for a heading, and no other words will come. God knows there is no shadow of mocking or derision in my heart,—only very sober, sorrowful thoughts. The sad little story named itself.

It is a story of three women and one man.

That is, the three women used to be women; and the man was made, in the first place, in the image of his Creator. The three women were sisters. They belonged to the respectable class of laboring people. The man is the husband of one of the sisters. He also belonged once to the respectable class of laboring people. The three sisters were healthy, rosy women to look at; handsome the youngest was, in a sort of loud, vigorous, flesh-and-blood way. Ten years ago the three women were all married, the other two husbands being, like all the rest, of the respectable laboring class. They were moderately prosperous then, and comfortable. The three husbands worked industriously, and brought their money home Saturday nights; the three women boiled the meat and potatoes and switched the shiny-cheeked, tow-headed children. The sturdy children went to school, and were properly instructed that they were all prospective Presidents of America, like other sturdy Yankee school-boys.

People had good words for them all in those days, now so very far off that they they seem a century ago. It is a century ago, in the changes ten years have wrought in the fortunes of these lowly people. They were happier and healthier than if they had all been rich gentlemen and fashionable ladies, and not half as dull to put in a story as they. Rich gentlemen and fashionable ladies are infinitely dull to write about.

By and by two of the husbands died, within a short time of each other. Life bore harder upon the two widows then. They were obliged to go out and earn money at such humble work as they could find, for themselves and the tow-headed children. Even then it was not so bad at first. People thought well of them, and gave them such work as they could spare. But it seemed that misfortunes did not come singly. After a little both the sturdy children of one of the poor women died, and she was left a childless widow, with nobody very near to her in the world, and nobody to care very much for her. She lived on alone in the little house where her husband and children had died, solitary, yet still cheerful and industrious. By and by, with nobody but herself to spend money for, her humble earnings were enough to pay for the little house in which she lived solitary, and it became her own. People liked her and kept her in work, and the world still went well with her. As for the sister whose husband yet lived, she and her husband were more prosperous than either of the others, and were becoming exceedingly well-to-do and comfortable. So they all lived and thrived, quarrelling sometimes, as sisters always will do who dwell near together, but still they got on well enough in a general way.

Till a devil entered in and possessed them, souls and bodies.

I don't know if there was something in the blood of these poor people, in the first place,—a taint, mayhap, of some sort, or fatal weakness, born in them all. A hereditary taint of insanity in the blood will sometimes drive the man or woman to hopeless drunkenness. And on the other hand, the descendants of drunken ancestors not unfrequently go insane. There is a subtle link of some kind between insanity and drunkenness. I don't know how it was with the poor people of whom I write. I only know that the demon suddenly entered into them all, and there was no power in them to resist. I never saw or heard of any human beings who went to destruction as fast as these poor souls did. The awful descent from decent laboring people to "old vags" was fearfully rapid. The three sisters and the husband became desperate drunkards all together, now serving out a term in the work-house, now wallowing like beasts in the gutter, and anon all four lying in a dead, drunken stupor together. Oh! it was awful. And I think it would have touched a heart of granite to see the wretched children. First taken from the nice public school where they were learning to be Presidents, then beaten and starved at home, and driven out to beg and steal in the streets. You have noticed, maybe, how fearfully distinct the native, ferocious animal in us all, comes out in the face and body of a person who is half-starved. Seeing that look in the faces of hungry people, one can understand, with a cold shudder, how fierce, starving men have been driven to devour the bodies of their comrades.

The hands and feet of these poor little children became like the claws of an unclean beast of prey. There could be nothing on earth more shocking than the sight of their ravenous eyes, their skinny, hungry faces. But what could be done with them? Nothing. Is not a parent the natural guardian of a child? What a frightful mockery the law of a civilized country is, sometimes! Even could the drunken consent of the beastly parents have been obtained, what good person would have been willing to adopt one of these dreadful children? They were a bad lot all together, people said, parents and children. I dare say they were. And yet I saw one of the boys the other day, who, through all the degradation, starvation and suffering of his little life, was yet a pretty, well-spoken boy, with straight, features, and a bright, intelligent eye. And I never saw an old man of eighty with the weight of sorrow and eating care in his face which that drunken mother's son bore in his. God pity the wretched children! I think there was a time when they might have been made something else than "a bad lot." And I say parents who are beasts have no right to their own children.

Fortunately, hopeless drunkards don't generally live forever. The childless widow was the first whose life was throttled wholly out of her by the whisky fiend. She began at length to see fearful sights in the darkness, all alone still in the little house, awful, nameless, shuddering things with fiery eyes, glaring at her through the gloom, crept over her and scorched her face with their hot, hissing breath, and scared her into a cold, deadly swoon. Night after night they came with their horrible, fiery eyes, until one midnight, in the fearful cold of this winter weather, she sprang from her bed and fled shrieking away from them. She ran through the snow and ice to the comfortless hut of her sister. They brought her back home next morning. She might have recovered, even from the dreadful exposure of that night, with proper care, but there was not a soul to care for her but the two sisters, drunken beasts like herself. They drank devilish liquor and quarreled, and left the woman to die of neglect and hunger. When they saw that she was surely going, they sent for her minister. The room and bed in which she lay dying were filthy and wretched beyond description. The oily, well-fed spiritual adviser, who had pocketed many and many a good dollar of the poor soul's earnings in her prosperous days, came and saw it all. He said a brief pow-wow over her; the drunken sisters paid him two dollars, and he went his way. All this hunger, wretchedness and dirt around one of his dying flock, were no more to him than if the three women had really been the brutes they seemed. A kindly neighbor asked him how the poor soul was. He answered smiling—

"Well, to use a common expression, she's about played out. She's burnt out with whisky."

That was all. And I always believed all the fathers in that particular church took such kindly and affectionate care of their flocks! Well, I know better now. Some of them take care of the dollars.

One day a gentleman knocked at the door of the little house. There was no answer, and he entered. A stiff, horrible dead body, half fallen off the wretched bed, was the only thing of human shape in the room. The dead, staring, awful eyes were fixed in a look of wild, blood-curdling horror, the mouth was wide open, the head fallen back, and the whole face was frozen in an expression of mortal terror. It was the most awful dead body human being ever looked upon. The lost, mad creature had died alone, in a fit of drunken, desperate fright, throttled to death at last by the horrible, nameless things with the fiery eyes. There was no living soul near her, when in that dread, last moment, she struggled wildly to escape the pursuing demons. A half-emptied rum bottle was on the table beside the rickety bed. And thus this woman whom God had made, passed into the world of shadows.

Unspeakably shocked, the gentleman hastened to find the woman's sisters. They were both lying together on the floor of one of their huts, in a state of beastly intoxication, too senseless to be made to understand anything. The husband was serving out a sentence in the workhouse, for being "drunk and disorderly." Since the death of the miserable creature with delirium tremens, the other widowed sister has also died from strong drink. People remarked only—

"They're a bad lot, and the sooner they are all dead the better."

And yet God made them, and society is responsible for them. Our civilization made them the drunken beasts they are; our civilization will be no better than savagism until it provide a permanent home for such poor wretches out of the reach of strong drink, where they may work to feed and clothe themselves, and return to the humanity from which they have fallen. For every man is his brother's keeper, and the drunkard, wretched, low and crazy, is yet a man and a brother.

ZIG.

☞ In Springfield, Ill., a "French cook," named Bridget O'Flaherty was caught greasing the griddle with the heel of an old rubber shoe.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax. "What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might as well tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

AWAKENED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Twas but a strain in the organ's pealing,
A slow, sweet strain, like a spirit's call,
Yet it filled my heart with a new-born feeling,
And bade the veil from its chambers fall.

No other of all who stood that morning
And heard the tones of the organ swell,
Took in those thrilling notes of warning,
That spoke to me like a solemn bell.

They said the sermon that followed after
Was grand and polished as gold refined,
And high resounded from floor to rafter
The burning words of a master mind.

I heard it not, for ever and ever
That strain repeated itself to me;
It swept my soul with a strong endeavor,
As the billows sweep the moaning sea.

And then again as it came more faintly,
It took the form of a soothing balm,
Till 'neath its pulsing rare and saintly,
The troubled waters grew strangely calm.

'Twas years ago that the organ's pealing
Swelled sweet and clear on the summer air,
Yet life is not to its cadence healing,
I follow its leading everywhere.

Perhaps it was the organist's fingers
Retouching a low sweet minor tone,
That ever thus on my memory lingers,
Because of a witchery all its own.

And yet as oft on that time I ponder,
That far-off time with its meaning deep,
I feel that music from over yonder
Was sent to waken my soul from sleep.

SADIE BEATTY.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST:—For one blessed hour I have sat here in my revolving chair—revolving. I have also looked over the old poets and tried to attune my thoughts to theirs. I have put cotton in my ears to deaden the music of the streets as rendered by the "licensed vender," the "rag man," and others too numerous to mention. I have striven with a will to rid my mind of all care and perplexity that I might come to you wholly, and truly your own—even as a bride should (but frequently don't) go to the arms of her husband. It is almost incredible, but I have seen a beautiful, blushing creature clothed in modesty, white corded silk and a veil, stand at the altar and swear to love and honor John Smith, when she was ready to cry because it wasn't young Van Cleve, the aristocratic chap who parts his name in the middle.

She couldn't get Van Cleve for the reason that he wanted somebody else, and as she must be married she accepted John Smith, and the only pleasant thing about it all was the satisfaction the bride took in showing people that if she couldn't get the one she wanted she could get the one she didn't want. Excuse the digression, but really, disliking apologies as I do, I feel that I owe you one, for even attempting to put my pen to paper when my thoughts are in such a chaos of confusion—for in spite of my precautions and endeavors there are a thousand indistinct ideas dancing through my brain, and the mischief of it all is I don't know which to "go for."

You see I have always had longings after the unattainable—I guess that is what I've always had, it's either that or a scrofulous affection, I hardly know which, and I like when I write to impart as much information as possible, but one can't do that unless one's got it to impart. Now one of your correspondents looked up an inebriate asylum a few weeks ago, got the ins and outs of the institution, and the habits and peculiarities of the inmates, and wrote a very instructive and entertaining letter on the strength of it. (She couldn't write any other kind if she should try.) Taking my cue from that, I started out the other day when the thermometer was at zero and the snow deep, fully resolved to know something or freeze in the attempt. I don't know what directed me, some unseen spiritual agency was at work I presume, for upon my return to my own domicil at the "witching hour of twilight," cold and cross and hungry, I began to think it all over, and found that all the knowledge I had gained was concerning babies—I had been to the "Shepherd's Fold," and the "Nursery," and the "Foundling Hospital," and I had seen at least seven or eight millions of babies—anyhow, it seemed so to me—and cry—Gracious! how those young ones did cry! I think the "matrons" and the "Sisters" and others in authority answered all my questions concerning the little waifs, but I was so cold, and there was such a Babel of squalls, that I'm afraid I thought more about the crowded street cars and how I was to get home than about anything they said. The *quantity*, however, astonished me. I didn't suppose there were so many babies in the world, and I couldn't somehow help asking myself the conundrum "If one babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure, what must five hundred be?" I haven't guessed the answer yet. A whole Atlantic Ocean of pleasure I expect—for would you believe it, at the Foundling Hospital, where there are babies upon babies—"babies, babies everwhere," so thick in fact that you can't walk without danger of stepping on them, and one would think they could tuck two or three under their "water proof" and carry them off without any one's knowing it, you can't get one of those young ones for love or money or anything else. The institution is under the control of the Sisters of Charity, and they won't let you have a child from there—not even if you could prove a character of angelical spotlessness and a purse as plethoric as a Rothschild's. I don't know why, for if they keep them all, and the numbers increase as rapidly as they are now doing, they will soon have to begin to hang them up on hooks around. I noticed there was a little wall-room left, but nothing else. But if the institution is good for nothing else it is "real convaynience" for the general public. A basket crib is hung outside the area door, and if anybody has more babies than he wants, he can take the superfluous ones and gently depositing them in the basket, give a sudden pull to the door-bell and disappear. Nobody knows who he, or she, is, and nobody cares; but the attendant on watch immediately investigates, and the "well-spring" is brought in and cared for. I believe one of the "Sisters" did give as an excuse for not adopting any of them out, that nobody wanted an ugly child; it was always "Sister, won't you save me a beautiful little blue-eyed girl, when you get one?" or "Sister, when a handsome healthy little black-eyed boy is received, do let me know." She said in that way the shop would be filled up with pug-nosed little Hibernians, and she wouldn't have anything of the sort—not if she knew herself, and she calculated she did. A great many of the babies are put out to nurse, but those taking them are required to come once a month for their money (twelve dollars) and bring the child that it may be seen whether it is being neglected or not. If the baby don't put in an appearance the nurse isn't paid. This is as it should be. The only draw-back is that now and then a nurse becomes attached to the child, and then when the "wee toddling thing" has to be returned to the sisters, there is an awful heart-breaking time on the part of the whilom mother.

But bless my soul! I had no idea I knew so much. I had no recollection of anything when I commenced writing, except that there was an institution of that kind, and that it contained "dead loads" of babies, of all sorts and sizes, and that every nation had there its representative—and here I've told all there is to tell. I suppose if I were a reporter on a "Daily," I should enter into statistics—give the figures—which "wont lie," it is said, and thus make myself vastly amusing; but in that case, I wouldn't have any room left for

FASHIONS,

and as they are of more importance than babies any day, it would never do to neglect them.

By the way a rumor, all the way from Paris, to the effect that short dresses are coming in again, is in circulation. I suppose it is the result of all those mutterings and grumblings of fashion writers, and if so ought they not to feel proud and self-complacent? (Echo answers, "You bet.")

I've heard the thing talked over in fashionable circles, and sewing circles, and at social lunches, and it is the universal opinion that you "can't kill two birds with one stone," or to express myself less classically, you can't make a house dress answer for a street dress, and you can't make a street dress look graceful and becoming in the parlor. So there you are, and the only way to get out of the difficulty is to have two sets of dresses—one set short, well up from the pavement, all around; and the other set, as long as your material will allow. In that way you will never get into any trouble.

This loop and button business, and catching up skirts here and there with patent hooks, won't work; not with any degree of smoothness. I've read somewhere that it *will*, if you only put on your loops, or hooks, or whatever you use, near enough together. With all respect for the opinions of whoever wrote that, I beg leave to say that it is no such thing. You can't have a neat, trim, tidy, short skirt, unless it is cut just the length you are going to wear it, and any one that says you *can* is no friend of mine. We have had short skirts for the last two years, that were long ones pinned or looped up, and there was never one among them all that did not dip down between stations, and get covered with mud; and I hope, with all my heart, that the French rumor that we are to have our street skirts short, is more reliable than rumors usually are. I want to see them short enough to show the entire boot, and then, no matter how terrible the streets, we shall not come home with our dresses ruined with a conglomeration of tar and mud and salt, as is too frequently the case now-a-days.

SKATING SUITS

are exhibited in leading furnishing stores, and show several new ideas, but as it is to be hoped that the skating season is nearly over, and the present "stress of weather" may soon give way to spring's "etherial mildness," it is hardly worth while to enter into any elaborate descriptions. If I had thought of it two or three months ago, it might have done better, but as I didn't, I will now only state that the most stylish suits are of navy blue flannel braided with white; have short skirts, and blouse waists, with broad sailor collar. A sash is loosely knotted around the waist, and the ends left to float on the wintry air.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Shakespeare Readings and Readings from the Poets.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The above names have been given to new literary entertainments which have sprung up within the last ten years, and have now become so common that we must think they are indebted to something more than the charm of novelty for their success. And, indeed, when they are conducted by a truly accomplished reader, we do not see how they can fail to be both agreeable and profitable to young and old.

We all know that there is a vast difference between written and spoken eloquence—between the poetry of the printed page, and the same poetry when kindled into life by the well-attuned voice, the impressive gesture, and the eloquent eye. The one is like the marble statue pure, beautiful and graceful, but lifeless; the other is a living, breathing form, replete with beauty, grace, and *vitality*. But a vulgar pronunciation, an incorrect emphasis is often the single step which leads from the sublime to the ridiculous; and Ariosto is not the only one who has discovered this melancholy fact to his shame and sorrow. The Italian poet used to recite his own verses in so exquisite a manner that his hearers were enraptured with them. He happened to overhear a potter reading his verses with so faulty an accent that he flew into a rage—and rushing into the literary murderer's shop began to demolish his pottery. The surprised potter in vain endeavored to check the supposed madman in his violence; but the enraged poet exclaimed:

"I have not sufficiently revenged myself on thee; I have only broken a few pots, but you have spoiled the most beautiful of my compositions to my face."

How many poets do you suppose have endured similar martyrdoms?

There are very few really good readers in our country, and many of those who are most accustomed to public speaking are often lamentably deficient in this accomplishment, and almost every day we hear queer examples of false emphasis.

Many of our readers have, doubtless, heard of the clergyman who read hymns with very abrupt and biting emphasis; and in reading the following lines uttered the word *bears*, so that it sounded like a noun—thus;

"He takes young children in his arms,
And in his bosom—bears."

All such infelicities jar sadly upon the cultivated ear. John Randolph, of Roanoke, was particularly sensitive to them, and even upon his death bed corrected the pronunciation of his physician, Dr. Parrish.

Since so many studies have been introduced into the public schools of our country, reading receives less attention than formerly; and it really seems as if the primary schools would be more beneficial if their exercises were confined strictly to Sir William Curtis's three R's—READING, 'RITING and 'RITHMETIC.

Few readers can ever hope to delineate Shakspeare's plays felicitously; but the reading of them is a noble study, and one that we can never weary of doing. But it is well in "Readings" for social enjoyment and improvement to take up a variety of plays not so difficult as Shakspeare's; poems, essays and stories of various authors. If plays are selected, the parts should be given out before the meetings, and each person taking a part should study it thoroughly—of course we do not mean commit it to memory—but try to understand it, so that in reading each part, the most can be made of it.

Many excellent plays, such as "*The Hunchback*," "*Love's Sacrifice*," etc., can be obtained for small sums, and each member should possess a copy.

In forming a "*Reading Club*," some little formalities are essential; and it is well to draw up a few rules—or form a code of laws which each member shall sign.

We know of a club which is very successful, and its laws run thus:—

1st. Each member of the club must be willing to take his or her turn in selecting a play or dialogue to be read; and in giving out the various characters to its different members.

2d. Each member must take the character assigned without demur, unless with the consent of the assignor he can exchange parts with another member.

3d. The club shall meet once a week at the homes of its members, in alphabetical order.

4th. If a member is not able, from sickness or absence, to take his part, he must provide a substitute.

5th. No new member can be admitted without a two-thirds vote of the whole club.

6th. Every member must study the part assigned, before meeting with the club. If any two or more have parts together that require practice, they must meet privately before the club meeting.

Constant practice will greatly improve one's reading in this method of entertainment; and the mind will become stored with bits of choice literature which will never be forgotten.

Under such a code of laws as we have given, a select circle of young persons will soon become familiar with the best comedies and tragedies; and as each member is allowed the privilege of consulting his own taste in selecting the plays—the variety cannot fail to be charming. Their intellectual tastes will also be much improved, and their voices and memories strengthened.

From reading plays they can proceed to acting them, and that will increase the diversions of the club, and when they have become proficients in the player's art, they can perform before select audiences, and delight not only themselves but their friends, for:

"There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart;
'Tis the glance—the expression—the well-chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirr'd."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

UNENDING.

I see that all these things come to an end,
The things we glory in, the things we fear;
Annihilation's shadow still doth lend
Its gloom to every pleasant thing and dear.
Each heavy burden under which we bend
Will some day from our wearied shoulders move;
One thing alone there is which hath no end—
There is no end to Love.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs,
There is end to laughter and to tears;
An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears;
An end to enmity's foul libelling,
And to the gracious praise of tender friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To Love there is no end.

That warrior carved an empire with his sword,
The empire now is but like him—a name;
That statesman spoke, and by a burning word
Kindled a nation's heart into a flame;
Now nought is left but a-hes, and we bring
Our homage to new men, to them we bend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To Love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas,
Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see;
The glorious shows of Nature pass and pass,
Quickly they come, as quickly do they flee;
And he who hears the voice of welcoming
Hears next the slow, sad farewell of his friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To Love there is no end.

And for ourselves—our father, where is he?
Gone, and a memory alone remains;
There is no refuge on a mother's knee
For us, grown old and sad with cares and pains;
Brotherless, sisterless, our ways we wend
To Death's dark house from which we shall not rove;
And so we cease; yet one thing has no end—
There is no end to Love.

OLD AND NEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

The snow lies white and heavy on the ground. Is it the shroud of the old year, or the christening robe of the new? The maples, erst-while so gorgeous in their livery of gold and crimson, stretch slender, shivering arms toward the wintry sky, in silent protest against the new monarch's reign, and unavailing remembrance and regret for the one dis-crowned, de-throned, and lost forever! The locusts, dripping with wealth of milk-white, honied bloom, swaying lithely through the air that they themselves had freighted with odors of Paradise, in the summer gone, bend shudderingly together their blackened forms, and scatter their last leaves, dry and shrivelled, at young Royalty's feet, a peace-offering, late and vain.

How the wind sobs and cries! One could fancy it a human voice—the cry of a baffled soul, searching ever the wide-world over for the magic treasure we call happiness—and whose searching is all in vain. From the encrusted window-panes gleam out pictures so exquisite, so fairy-like, that only the Unseen artist's pencil could have traced them. No mortal mind e'er conceived, or mortal fingers wrought such forms of wondrous loveliness as those which greet our eyelids' earliest unclosing—too soon to vanish before the rosy glow of a morning fire. So vanish our life-pictures. Those we smile on first are first to fade.

And still the trees keep sighing—"Oh! for the summer gone! Our bright, beautiful summer, will she never come again?"

Grieve not, sad trees; the "winter of discontent" for you must soon be over. Spring's earliest breath will fill your veins with hope anew, and another summer, all as fair, wrap you ere long in her glad embrace! With her fair hands showering gracious gifts upon you, you will cease to regret—nay, you will forget the summer fled! But to *you*, sad hearts, who mourn a summer lost—a fair, fair summer of youth and hope and love—comes there ever an answer to your restless questioning? For *you*, is there another summer, yet to come? Oh! season, thrice blest, and long, long since ended, what conjurer's spell of old, what Present's magic wand shall restore thee to us, pure and perfect, and unbereft of a single charm? Thou, changeless Past, enshrined in many a memory, how dare we whisper even to ourselves the hopeless truth? *Thou will never come again!*

WHICH TO CHOOSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Wouldn't it be much nicer, Daisy, to marry a lawyer, doctor, or some other professional man, who could always be dressed fine, than a farmer, who wears jeans and has to work out in the fields?"

That was asked me by a young lady of intelligence.

"Well," I replied to this young lady, and I repeat it to all other young ladies, "I think it would be much nicer, when you come to that, to let 'em all slide, professional men, farmers and all other sorts of men. I am an advocate of single blessedness myself; but if you are bent upon matrimony, why, then, tie to the farmer by all means. I've a 'kinder sorter' weakness for bread and meat, and somehow I believe the farmer is the safest to trust to, not only for safety on that score, but all others."

Girls seem to have the idea now-a-days that a man must not work, or dress plain either. A great mistake you've made, girls. Why, some of our best men dress in jeans; and—well, a man isn't worth a nickel that won't work. As to the manner in which a man dresses, he's "a man for a' that." I maintain one can be as neat in a suit of jean as in broadcloth.

Unless a man wears fine clothes, kid gloves, carries a handkerchief saturated with cologne, swings a walking-cane, supports a moustache which "draggles on the ground," he is not worth noticing. That is the beau ideal. Oh, girls, don't judge men by appearances—"all is not gold that glitters."

If I were a man I'd be a farmer—yes, and if I were you, little blue-eyed lady, when that stalwart young farmer who is wasting so much of your papa's coal and oil at night—when he looks down on your bonny brown curls and asks, "Is this my little wife?" then I'd drop my eyes, smile sweetly, and softly whisper "Yes."

DAISY BURNS.

ONLY A PICTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only a picture. Yes, that was all. The picture of a woman, young and beautiful, with sweet, tender mouth, and loving, longing eyes. One of those faces that haunt you ever after you have seen it; a face it is impossible to forget. And as I stood gazing at it, I heard some one say—"How beautiful! you say it is a portrait? Ah! she must have been enchanting." And long after the persons had passed on, when the gallery had begun to darken with the shades of night, and the picture to fade slowly into gloom, I still stood there, as in a dream.

Ah! I needed no picture to bring before my mind the lost woman of my youth; the love of all my life. But the unexpected sight of that face had brought with it a rush of pent-up sorrows, of memories and regrets.

I remembered her as she had been in her early youth, when I first knew her years ago, when all her life lay so bright before her. What eager, joyous ways she had then; and with what hopeful trust she looked forward to the future. I thought of her later, after years and circumstances had parted us, and we met once more, as beautiful as ever, but something of the brightness of her youth gone already. Again we parted, to meet no more in this world. Then followed her life of struggles, of temptation and of sin.

I thought of her as last I saw her lying in her coffin, her beautiful lips silent forever, and her aching heart stilled at last. And I bowed my head and prayed as I had not prayed for years, that this weak woman, who in her life had walked with such tired feet, might, in the next world, be forgiven and at rest. Christ did not come into the world to save only the righteous—and who can put a limit to his mercy.

MAY.

PERSONAL.

Bret Harte is said to be the laziest literateur in the country.

St. Petersburg is at present divided into two rival parties, the Pattiists and the Nilsonists; the Emperor is said to rank among the former, and the general operatic public among the latter; the press is pretty tolerably divided.

Artemus Ward said of Chaucer, "He has talent, but he can't spell."

"Old Talk-Talk" is what Mark Twain calls George Francis Train, who is now the happy occupant of a cell in the Tombs.

Wieniawski is a wag. The Rubinstein troupe having had thin audiences at the Hub, he remarked, "Our only trouble is lest if we stay in Boston much longer, we may become unaccustomed to appearing in public."

A Miss Schneider, of Liverpool, England, has had her feelings soothed by the recovery of $125,000 from the curate of St. Mary's Church for breach of promise of marriage. That is about the heaviest pecuniary valuation of grief known in the human heart-market.

Stimulated by the heroic achievements of the Russian Grand Duke, a party of English noblemen are coming over to this country to hunt the buffalo of the plains. They will also imitate the example of Alexis in hunting the top of the telegraph poles when the buffalo hunts them.

Froude announces to the apprehensive public, that he will not write a book upon America.

Mrs. Garibaldi, the second wife of the patriot, is thirty-five years old, and is described as a dark, handsome woman, with fierce eyes, and thick hair parted at the side of the head.

"Virtue is its own reward," has again been verified in the person of Miss Addie Taylor, of Bridgeport, Connecticut. An unfortunate Frenchman inadvertently took the small-pox. Miss Addie came to the rescue, looked after him in a general and rather nice way, for the which she has received from the Frenchman a pleasant $50,000.

A Washington correspondent writes:—"Imagine a rounded, yet slender girlish figure, a perfect oval face, transparent skin of creamy whiteness, large velvety dark eyes beaming with intelligence, soft brown hair, a delicately-formed nose, and a rosebud mouth, which opening discloses perfect teeth, and you have a faint idea of Mme. Flores, wife of the Equador Minister and the handsomest woman in Washington. Add to this a little mouth that never essays to speak without saying something charming and a wonderfully musical voice."

A Paris correspondent argues that a married woman on the stage exercises less magnetism over an audience than a single woman does, that the fact that she belongs to another, that her brightest glances, sweetest dimples and most musical tones are for him, unconsciously diminishes her influence; and states in illustration that there were offered in Paris what were called Christine Nilsson watches, which had a great sale, but when she took a husband their demand so sensibly diminished that the proprietor changed their name.

Adelina Patti has just had a memorable benefit at Moscow. It took place on the birthday of the Crown Princess. Before the performance commenced all the Russian and Italian artists, including Patti, came forward in full dress and sang the *Russian Hymn*, which was vociferously encored. The heroine of the evening then appeared as Amina in *La Sonnambula*, her entrance being the signal for a perfect ovation. A *corbeille* of flowers, containing a casket in which was a gold circlet ornamented with a star of diamonds, was presented to her, and the jewel placed upon her head. From the clouds appeared to fall showers of bouquets and other presents, the stage being literally covered. The finale was redemanded, and during the performance the popular prima donna had to return nearly a hundred times to bow her acknowledgements. The night's receipts which fell to Patti's share amounted, it is said, to over $6,000.

After the death of Edwin Forrest, while the remains lay in the parlor of his house, a throng of citizens and strangers gathered to take a last look of the dead. A middle aged woman approached the coffin, and stood, with tearful eyes, gazing on the features of the deceased. At length she went to one of the gentlemen in charge of the room, and said earnestly.

"Can I not have—oh! will you not give me a little of his hair?"

"Why, madam, that we cannot do. We are very sorry, but have not that power."

"Let me plead with you."

"We are very sorry, but must refuse."

"Ah!" bursting into tears and sobbing convulsively, "he was very kind to me and my child!"

Then walking again to the body, taking a last, long look, and bending to kiss the cold brow, she passed from the place. The woman was said to be Mrs. Forrest, the divorced wife of the deceased.

☞ A student at Princeton College is the son of a Japanese priest.

☞ Italian revenge is becoming injurious. Signora L——, a fair artiste of the opera in Palermo, stooped to pick up a bouquet thrown upon the stage, when a pistol, set in the stem of the same discharged, just missing its intended mark. This delicate offering was supposed to been from a rejected Count.

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A KISS AT THE DOOR.

We were standing in the doorway—
My little wife and I—
The golden sun upon her hair
Fell down so silently.
A small white hand upon my arm,
What could I ask for more
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,
As she kissed me at the door?

Who cares for wealth, or land, or gold,
Or fame, or matchless power?
It does not give the happiness
Of just one little hour
With one who loves me as her life—
And says "she loves me more"—
And I thought she did this morning,
As she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems that all the world,
With all its wealth and gold,
Is very poor and small indeed
Compared with what I hold!
And when the clouds hang grim and dark
I only wait the more
For one who waits my coming step
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
The frost upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning we were wed;
But if the angels call her,
And she goes to Heaven before,
I shall know her when I meet her,
For she'll kiss me at the door.

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD."

CHAPTER III.

MULVANEY'S.

The rest of their journey was soon ended: Murphy stopped at an inn, where he saw the mare rubbed down and fed, with his own eyes, ere he took his young companion to the lodgings hard by, which Kavanagh had indicated. Mulvaney's was an eating-house of humble exterior, situated in a secluded street, whereof the houses were old and gabled, and mostly built of wood. It had doubtless been the residence of some rich and thrifty citizen in the olden time; and it had been the pride of some Dame Margery to keep the oak well polished, and to see that the sleeping-rooms smelled of dried lavender. But Dame Margery had been dead these hundred years and more; and if Widow Mulvaney, who reigned in her stead, had a preference for any odorous herb above another, it was for onions.

At the back of the great eating-room was a smaller apartment, used probably in ancient times as the citizen's own parlor, from whence he could keep his eye upon the 'prentices in the shop; but now set apart as a withdrawing-room for smokers: here the smell of tobacco and the reek of whisky devoured, like an Aaron's rod, all other odors.

"We'll breakfast in the smoke-room, tell Misthress Mulvaney," had been Murphy's first words to the girl who admitted them within-doors; and in this more private chamber their meal had accordingly been spread. While the travellers were doing ample justice to it, there entered through an inner door the proprietress herself, a stout and rosy-cheeked widow, whom Mr. Richard Murphy—rising hastily from his chair and sweeping the back of his hand across his lips—at once saluted with a very audible kiss.

"Be aisy, Dick," said she, but so calmly, that the words were robbed of their rebuke, "and behave yourself before folk. Who is this?"

"A friend of the young masther's," answered Murphy.

"Good! Then he is welcome, as, of course, are you, Dick; though I am sorry to see you *here*." She looked around her significantly. "What's the matter now, that you must needs have a room with two doors to it?"

"The very mischief's loose," said Murphy; "I mustn't talk about it even to you. There's nothin' agin' myself this time; but Chesney—that's the boy yonder—and me are to be quiet here till we have our orders. Can you put us away up-stairs somewhere?"

"To be sure I can, if it was for a twelvemonth. You shall have the front room, and Biddy shall leave hers and come to mine—that will give one to the masther's friend. It is but an attic, but—"

"Any place will do for me, ma'am," interrupted Chesney simply.

"Oh, he ain't a young prince disguised, if that's what you mean," said Murphy, with a coarse laugh.

"He's a sight better looking, and a deal better spoken, than ever you were, anyway, Mr. Impence!" returned the widow. "You've been up all night, I reckon, my good lad, and would not be sorry to feel your bed, so I'll see that it is got ready for you." And off she hurried.

"You'll not take your clothes off, boy, mind that," said Murphy imperiously. "Remember what the young masther said; that you must be ready for a start at a moment's notice; and you'll hould your tongue, no matter how the widow yonder may blarney you; and you'll swear not to leave this house, neither night nor day—"

"I shall obey *Mr. Kavanagh* in every particular," observed Chesney haughtily, and with a strong stress upon the name.

"It will be your better plan, Master Smoothface, for the hour in which he comes to harm through fault of yours will be your last, as sure as my name's Richard Murphy."

The color deepened in the lad's wholesome cheek, and his blue eyes flashed scornfully as he replied: "I have seen enough of one bully in my life, Mr. Murphy, to make me very resolute against putting up with another. I was not afraid of your pistol, when you wanted to murder me for stopping your horse and saving your life, and I am not afraid of your big words; so you may spare your breath for other purposes than to threaten me. You have laid your ugly hand upon me twice—"

"And I'll do it a third time, and to some purpose!" cried Murphy, as he rose to put his words into effect. Chesney also rose, and snatched up a knife from the table.

"This is keeping quiet with a vengeance, Mr. Murphy," exclaimed the widow, re-entering the room at this critical moment, and precipitating herself between the would-be combatants; "and very pretty treatment of the young master's friend, I'm sure."

"He's got a knife," said Dick, abashed and apologetically.

"And quite right too, when he has to deal with a mad dog. Did Masther Frank give you orders to beat the lad?"

"No," said Dick humbly, and resuming his seat. "I was wrong. I'm sorry."

"Not half so sorry as you would have been had you laid a finger on me," cried Chesney, angrily.

"Tush, tush, put the steel by, lad," whispered the widow. "Dick has not had his whisky this morning, and is not himself. Come, let me show you your room."

Robert Chesney picked up his bundle and followed her without even bestowing a glance at his late antagonist.

"You mustn't mind Dick," said she, confidentially, on their way up-stairs; "if anybody else had offered to hurt *you*, he'd have flown at them just the same. Here's your sleeping-room, which is but small; but if you want anything, you have only to name it."

"I should like some ink, if you please," said the lad; "that's all."

"Ink?" answered the widow, admiringly. "What! you can write, can you? Why Dick couldn't write his name to save his life!"

"Pen and paper I have in my bundle," observed Chesney; "it's only ink I want, and the favor of getting my note posted when I've written it."

"I thought from the first he was one of the quality," murmured Widow Mulvaney, as she went down-stairs; "his hair curled so, and he was so soft-spoken, and now he is for writing notes. I wonder whether it will be to his mother, poor lad. He ain't one of our own boys, who fall in love before they are short-coated, or I should say, since he is in such haste, that it must needs be to his sweetheart."

Weary and travel-stained as he looked, Robert Chesney was indeed a well-favored youth, very different from the majority of customers with whom Mrs. Mulvaney was wont to deal. Though humbly born and rudely bred, he had had the advantage of a good schooling, and took a pride in his personal appearance unusual with those of his own age and position in life. But for the circumstances of a drunken step-father and an unhappy home, he might have risen from being the head pupil of a national school to any pinnacle of parochial greatness; but domestic injustice and tyranny had warped a mind naturally sensitive enough to the claims of authority, and set his feet on a far different path. Of kindness, to which he was but little used, he was very susceptible, and Kavanagh's words and manner had won his heart, at a time peculiarly opportune for making a pact of friendship. Unimpulsive himself, he had been attracted by the other's reckless confidence to a degree that astonished him, as he now reviewed in quiet the stirring events of the past night. It was satisfactory, of course, that within a few hours from his voluntary exile from his step-father's roof, he should have found a helpful friend, a temporary home; and possibly a career for the future; but what price might he not have to pay for these undoubted advantages? Nay, what price might he not have already paid for them? He had been seen by many in company with one who, even by his own account, had incurred the highest penalty of the law. He did not for a moment believe him to be guilty in a moral sense; his own experience of life, which had somehow placed the sense of justice in opposition to obedience to authority, inclined him to take this view; while Kavanagh himself, independent of his disclaimer, impressed him as being quite incapable of an atrocity; but still his fortunes had evidently become linked with that of a dangerous and desperate man. The measure of precaution that had been taken to insure his new friend's escape from his pursuers, was, to say the least of it, a strong one. If Murphy had not prevented him, he, for his part, it is true, would have given warning of their danger to the helpless patrol, who, for all he knew, had met with their deaths from the fallen tree; but he had not done so, and he was now the willing companion of those who had caused the catastrophe. For all that he had run away from home with nothing beyond what he carried on his back, and with very hazy notions of gaining a livelihood, Robert Chesney was a sensible lad, who looked matters in the face even when they were serious.

As to breaking the word he had passed to Kavanagh, to keep silence upon his late adventure, that never entered into his mind; but he did ponder with precocious gravity upon the advisability of cutting his new connections altogether. Murphy was abhorrent to him, of course—a brutal copy of his own drunken step-father; but there was this difference: from early association, his relative by marriage had obtained a certain ascendancy over him; until quite recently, indeed, he had never even resisted his correction; but as for *this* bullying savage (his thoughts were pregnant with unsavory epithets for him), he did not fear him one whit. His society—so much of it, at least, as would be necessary for him to endure—would, doubtless, be distasteful to him; but his pride revolted against making this a very important item in his calculations. And, on the other hand, he had taken something more than a fancy for Murphy's master. Robert had met with gentlemen, and very grand ones, in his time—magnates of his own and other countries, who had shot in the royal park, under his step-father's guidance, and for whom he had acted as beater or gamebearer; but he had never seen so kindly a face, never heard such gentle tones, as those of Frank Kavanagh. No doubt, the kindliness and gentleness had gained by contrast with the moodiness, and even ferocity, he had also exhibited; the self-willed and passionate man has always that advantage over his more equable fellows, that when he does make himself agreeable, it is all the more appreciated, like a clump of trees on a bare moor; and Kavanagh had showed his genial side only to the boy, his rougher attributes to others. Moreover, he had trusted to his word, just as though he had been a gentleman instead of a poor lad, and that in a matter of the gravest sort. It was a rash and reckless thing to have done in so serious a case, and on so short an acquaintanceship, as the boy himself could well understand; and this endeared his new friend to him all the more. Lastly, to have his vague plan for the future fashioned for him into some practical shape, would, have been very welcome, even had it taken a less attractive guise; and this suggestion of leaving England and seeking his fortune in some far-away region, exactly chimed in with his own longings. But perhaps what, more than aught else, finally decided Robert Chesney to accept, on reflection, the proposal which he had so hastily embraced, was this trifling circumstance; as he stood in the national attitude for reflection, with one hand scratching his head, and the other thrust into his breeches-pocket, the jingle of golden coin fell upon his ear. With the rattle of copper he was familiar, with the chink of silver even he had some acquaintance; but to rub one piece of gold against another had never yet fallen within his own experience. He pulled out the two sovereigns which his patron had given him to make merry with, and gazed on them as an Esquimaux gazes on a clasp knife, or an Otaheitan woman on a looking-glass.

Hope is cheerful and ambition is seductive; but the possession of ready-money in the unaccustomed hand is the realization of man's brightest dream.

CHAPTER IV.

A LOVE LETTER.

Two golden sovereigns to make merry with! He had slipped them into his pocket, taking them for shillings, his attention—to do him justice—being occupied at the time with bidding adieu to the donor; and he had not thought of them since. How profitable should that service be in which such a sum was bestowed as the means of mere amusement! And yet Robert Chesney's mind was not a grasping one, nor even unduly set upon what is miscalled "the main chance"—as though that could be "chance" which every man may acquire for himself, if he be prudent or roguish enough; or as if that chance were "the main" one in which self is alone concerned! No, it was not on his own account that his heart leaped within him at the sight of that golden store, but because it reminded him of one with whom he could instantly share it.

He untied his little bundle, and took from it pen and paper; and standing beside the mantelpiece—for the attic did not boast a table—wrote, in a good clerkly hand—Mistress Mulvaney having kept her word as to the ink-bottle—the following letter:—

MY DARLING LIZZY—Little did I think, when I bade you good-bye last night, that I should have great news to tell you so soon. I have met with a kind friend—whose name, for the present, you must be content to guess at, since he has reasons for its concealment—and I am in hopes he will put me in the way of making my living. I cannot even give you my present address, for he is not at hand to give me leave to do so; and, besides, whether I shall be here even to-morrow is more than doubtful. You are too sensible, I know, to fret, when I tell you that I am going abroad—an uncertain word, you will say, and yet I have nothing to tell you more distinctly—a great way off, my darling—beyond seas. Well, that was my own wish, you know. Step-father was seldom right in word or deed as respected me, but he spoke truth (I feel) when he used to say that England was no place for a young fellow who would make his way in the world quickly; and I have the sweetest reason—have I not?—to make it quickly. I shall write to you whenever I can. I shall think of you always—of the long summer days (that seemed so short) which we have spent together in the forest glades; I see them now in this place, where there is not a tree; I see the beech-woods by our lodge, with your red cloak glinting through their silver stems; I see the mighty elm in front of your cottage door, nodding to me, as though in farewell. I do not write thus to pain you, you may be sure, but to convince you that I am still with you in my thoughts. Enough of myself. I conclude nothing has occurred within these few hours to you, though so much has happened to me. It was a comfort to remember that the wind would blow the elm away from your roof, not on it. You will be talking of nothing but the gale to-day—I mean your mother and James will be doing so. Then, about eleven (it is only seven o'clock when I write this), step-father will come in with the news that I have left home. Then you will look surprised (little hypocrite!), and your mother will weep, I know. God bless her! I fear there are hard times approaching for her. James will never get your poor father's place, unless he is more careful; I know he is suspected of poaching. It seems hard, in a land where so much is inherited, to have been left nothing but a taste, in which we are forbidden to indulge. If any opening should occur for him where I am going, I will let him know. I need not tell *you* to credit nothing that step-father says of me; but see your mother is not misled. I should be loath, indeed, to lose the good opinion of one who has been so kind to me. A time may come when I may repay it; and, Lizzy, darling, I believe it will. I noticed yesterday how thin her shawl was got; give her this sovereign, with my dear love, to buy her a warmer one this Christmas-tide. When she looks at it, she will remember me; and before the remembrance is worn out—who knows!—I may come home—I mean to *your* home—to remind her of myself in person. How did I get it? Well, never mind; it was honestly come by. And don't think that I need it. There has been already a drizzle of sovereigns upon me; and if it should come on to pour, in the tropics somewhere, I shall hold out my hat, turn up my umbrella (a palm-leaf) the wrong way, and get thoroughly soaked; then come back to England to be dried. Since you may like to know where I have kissed this paper, I make a mark; I already feel your lips there, and tremble. How grown you will be when I see you next! but you will never be more beautiful in my eyes, for that is impossible. I have got your sampler, with *Trust in me* upon it. I do; I will; and believe me always, for my part, your loving sweetheart,

ROBERT CHESNEY.

I promised to tell you everything—even if it should not be good news, as you have promised to tell *me*. Well, my new friend has a companion, who is not pleasant—a sullen brute of a fellow, with whom I may have some trouble; even he, however, has his good point—an unreasoning attachment to his master, such as I have never seen, except in step-father's dog *Fang*.

Robert had the pen of a ready writer, but this note took him long to compose; he was permitted by the nature of the case to say so little about his own adventures; and when he wrote of Lizzy, he had a way of lingering lovingly over the words, and even (as we have seen) of kissing them, which prolonged the process. He had done at last, however; and having addressed the letter to "Lizzy Alston, Green Lane Gate, Windsor Park," was about to get it posted, when he found his door had been locked on the outside. There was no bell in the room; indeed, his habits did not lead him to look for such; and he began to shake the door-handle and kick the panel.

"Hush, hush, in Heaven's name!" said the landlady's voice through the keyhole.

"I will not hush," was the lad's angry reply; "I will not be locked in, as though I were a spy and a liar."

"Mr. Murphy has gone out, and I suppose taken the key with him; he will be back soon, and shall open the door, I promise you. No honest lad shall be kept a prisoner in my house. In the meantime, what is it you want?"

"I want this letter posted."

"Very good. Put it under the door."

"Can I trust her?" thought Robert, hesitating.

"I will not deceive you, my good lad," continued she, guessing the cause of the delay: "I will put it into the box with my own hands." She took the letter, and went down stairs with it at once; as she did so, her eyes lit on the superscription, and a smile spread over her good-natured face. "So he has a sweetheart, after all," she murmured. "What luck it is for her to have a lover as can write! It would be something, now that my poor dear Miles is with the saints, to have an ould letter or two in his own hand to keep by one; but I could never teach him even the capitals. Lor, Mr. Murphy, how you frightened me! What is it?"

"Nothin', sweetheart; only, I want that letter;" and suiting the action to the word, Mr. Kavanagh's henchman snatched it from her, and retreated backward, holding it behind him, into the smoking-room, from which he had suddenly emerged.

Mrs. Mulvaney's face grew two shades nearer scarlet than heretofore. "Bad scran to you, you thief!" cried she, following him quickly into the room. "Give me up that letter. Sweetheart, indeed! Your lips shall never touch Bridget Mulvaney's cheek again, if once you break that seal. I'll tell the young masther what a mane sneak of a foster-brother he has."

"Tush, tush! it's for his sake I do it, woman. You lad is new to us all, and we know nothin' of him. The masther's in trouble—sore trouble, that I dare not speak of, even to yourself. How much less, then, should I trust a gossoon like that?"

"How came you to trust him at all, then?" inquired the widow incredulously. "If he knows, he knows."

"He knows something, and is in a position to tell it, which is more than he should have been if I had had my way: but you know what the young masther is—if he takes a fancy to man or woman, all's out."

"I believe the lad is as true as steel."

"That's because you're a woman, and the young fellow is good-looking, like myself. Well, he may be steel, and yet, without knowing it, he may have written something here which would bring Frank Kavanagh to the gallows."

"The gallows!" cried the widow, with a shudder. "Is it bad as that, Mr. Murphy? and not a spy nor a gauger in all England to excuse the matter."

"That is so, Misthress Mulvaney; and you had best ask me no more questions. The point is this: though the lad up yonder knows nothing of the trouble, he knows of something that happened afterwards to a couple of dirty policemen that followed us on horseback."

"Ah, the blackguards!" ejaculated the widow; "bad luck to them."

"Well, they hadn't *good* luck, and that's a fact," said Murphy grimly; "and if the lad has chanced to mention it to his friends, they may put two and two together, and find out more than he has. Besides, in his pride at staying at a private hotel, he may have written *Mulvaney's* at the top of the note, and it's very particular to keep our whereabouts dark for the present."

"There's something in that," assented the widow, won over, perhaps, no less by this complimentary reference to her establishment, than by his arguments. "But you needn't have snatched the letter out of my hand like a footpad. Here; give it to me—for it 's no more use to yourself than a mass-book to a monkey—and I'll read it out to you aloud."

"You 'll promise to read every word of it?" said Murphy, hesitating, and holding the letter high above his head; "and not to hide anything, out of softness for the lad."

"Yes, yes, I will," answered the widow impatiently. Perhaps she was not altogether sorry thus to satisfy her own curiosity as to the contents of the young fellow's love-letter, under compulsion and without twinge of conscience; and Murphy put it into her hand.

"Ha, there's money in the seal!" cried she; "and what a mane crature am I to meddle with it! He's sending his sweetheart a bit of gold, just as my Miles, when he was courting myself, once sent me half a sovereign on my birthday, only it was stolen in the post. 'MY DARLING LIZZY,' it begins, just as his did, saving my name was Bridget. Now, Murphy, if there's anything particularly sweet in it, you must look another way, plaze, while I read it out. Now, silence, and be aisy, sir." The last words had reference to a tender movement on the part of Mr. Murphy, who had stolen his arm round her buxom waist, under pretence (somewhat transparent, considering that he could not read) of commanding a full view of the letter. It was curious to watch the rapid change from excess of anger to the height of good humour in these late antagonists, and the mutual friendliness that had taken the place of what had so lately threatened to be a very pretty quarrel.

Little did I think, when I bade you good-bye last night, that I should have great news to tell you so soon.

"There, didn't I say he was going to tell, the sneaking spalpeen!" ejaculated Murphy.

I have met with a kind friend—whose name, for the present, you must be content to guess at—since he has reasons for its concealment.

"There, you see!" cried the widow triumphantly: "if you did say he was a going to tell, Dick, you were a liar."

"Well, anyway, he's set a woman to guess at it," answered Murphy obstinately; "and that's very nigh as bad as telling."

I cannot even give you my present address for he is not at hand to give me leave to do so.

"Come, what do you think of that, Murphy? Is he not the broth of a boy, an' as true as I told you?"

"She'll be coming after him, and find it out," argued the other, doubtfully. "There was a Pagan woman as did that onst, from Palestine, as had no other address to go by beyond London. Nothing stops them."

"Don't talk to me of your painted women, Mr. Murphy"

"Pagan, Misthress Mulvaney—Pagan," exclaimed Dick, apologetically. "There's a song written about it, as the young masther sings."

"Then he ought to be ashamed of himself, and you for listening to him. Listen to *this*, sir, and learn a lesson in good behavior from you poor lad. How kindly he speaks of his Lizzy's mother, as is old and poor." And she read the extract out approvingly.

"Sure, she isn't his mother-in-law *yet*," observed Mr. Murphy cunningly, "or he would not speak of her *that* way. Now, it's one of the many merits as would make *yourself* a blessing to any man, that your mother (rest her soul!) is with the saints, and—"

"Be quiet, Dick, with your flattery, and let me seal up the gold again, and put the poor lad's letter into the post."

"You are deceiving me, Bridget," cried Murphy, with sudden seriousness; "I can see it in your eye; you've not read out all he says."

"Well, it's just the postcript, Dick," explained the widow, with well-affected reluctance. "There's nothing about the masther in *that*, I do assure you."

"I'm the best judge of that, Misthress Mulvaney, and I'll just tear the letter up from top to toe, unless I hear it; so, there."

"Well, *I promised to tell you everything*, writes he."

"Ay, now it's coming!" said Murphy grimly; "them lads as has learned to write puts the main thing in their postscripts, like the girls themselves."

I promised to tell you everything, even if it should not be good news. Well, my new friend (that's the young master, you know) *has a companion, who is not so pleasant—a sullen brute of a fellow* (this is *you*, Murphy,) *with whom I may have some trouble.*

"Well, that's like enough!" ejaculated Dick with a great oath.

"Hush, hush, ye hathen," said the widow rebukefully; "and only hear how he praises you afterward."

Even he, however, has his good point (there's for you)—*an unreasoning attachment to his master, such as I have never seen, except—except—*

"That's well, any ways," exclaimed Murphy, complacently; "and I'd like to know where he finds my equal in that respect."

Except in step-father's dog Fang.

"The impudent young blackguard! does he say that?" exclaimed Murphy, scratching his shock head.

"Yes; indeed, he does, you omadhawn," answered the widow, laughing heartily; "and now you know what comes of prying into other folk's letters. It is you that have been listening to it all, and it's the listeners that never hears any good of themselves. Come, light me a candle, Mr. Fang, while I get the sealing-wax, and try to mend what never ought to have been broken."

Doubtless, Mrs. Mulvaney well knew the man with whom she was dealing, or she would have abstained from thus reminding him of Robert Chesney's sarcasm, even if she had not concealed it from him altogether; but the fact was, that Murphy was rather pleased than otherwise with the testimony that had been paid to the *one* virtue on which he plumed himself—his fidelity—though illustrated by so homely a metaphor, and regarded its author with no increase of disfavor on account of it, but rather the reverse. A proof of this was immediately forthcoming in his giving up the key of Robert's attic to the widow, and bidding her tell him that (with the exception of the public room) he was free of the house, though forbidden to place his foot outside the door. This was not a great range of liberty; but unable notwithstanding the fatigues of the previous night, to sleep, and tired of remaining in his own apartment, without the solace of a single book, the young fellow was glad enough to take advantage of it. Without being by any means afraid of the sturdy Irishman, he would not have sought his society had it been avoidable, and, on descending to the smoke-room, it was a relief to his mind to find it empty. The time, however, hung very heavily on his hands; he had really nothing to do but watch the company in the coffee-room from behind the curtains of the glass-door. They were a motley crew, and ranged from the mechanic in the receipt of good wages, down to the linenless wight who was spending his last copper in a *go* of whisky, but they were all of one type—that of working (or pretending-to-work) Irish. They all seemed to know one another, and to be known to Mrs. Mulvaney, who served them with her own hands, and had a word of friendly greeting for each of them.

She brought in Robert's own dinner at mid-day, but she did not dine with him; doubtless, Murphy had laid injunctions on her to the contrary. Later in the day, however, the former made his appearance, and, without any allusion to their previous disagreement, informed Chesney that he had seen Mr. Kavanagh, who had made an appointment for them both to visit him on the ensuing day. Then Mrs. Mulvaney joined them, and talked to Murphy about "the boys," whom, at first, Robert took to mean her children, but afterward understood to be certain grown-up habitués of the establishment who had come under his own notice that day. In the evening, some of them returned, and were spoken with apart by Murphy; they were all of the more poverty-stricken class, and seemed to regard that gentleman with great respect, and received what he had to say to them with assent and gratitude. About eight o'clock a curious incident happened. Murphy, Mrs. Mulvaney, and Robert, were sitting at supper in the little room, when the hoarse voice of a broad-sheet seller was heard in the street.

"There's news of some sort," observed the widow. "Listen!"

"It's nothing," said Murphy, roughly, and making an unnecessary clatter with his knife and fork. "These fellows always tell a parcel of lies. If you were to buy his paper, it would be only money thrown away; there would be nothing in it."

"Still, it can cost nothing to listen," argued the widow. "It's Murder. Hark!"

Her warning was unnecessary, for, urged either by an instinct of imitation, or by a curiosity that overwhelmed all other considerations, Murphy himself was now straining his ears to catch the fragmentary news.

"*Horrible murder—murder in Buckinghamshire—murder and 'cide—horseback—mounted policemen.*"

"What is it?" inquired Robert, rising eagerly from his chair. His ears were unused to the sing-song style of the street newsman, but the first words and the last had fallen on them distinctly enough.

"It is murder and suicide," said the widow; "but there was also something about folks on horseback. Here are some coppers; run out, my lad, and buy a copy."

"Give them to me, and I'll buy it," said Murphy, snatching at the money; "a boy like that is sure to be made to pay twice as much as it is worth;" and he went out accordingly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WERTZAL THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Phantom of the Black Hills.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

After an hour's time the party paused to rest. The rain was now pouring heavily, much to Wertzal's delight, as it would obliterate all traces of their footsteps. But it was close upon morning now, and heading toward a ravine, or rather fissure among the hills, they deemed it expedient to wedge themselves into this retreat, and await the coming of another night.

Emily suffered much from her scanty clothing being soaked with water, but the sweet sense of liberty buoyed her soul above a realization of merely temporal discomfort. She reclined against the cold, hard walls of the crevice-like aperture, tearfully, gratefully returning thanks to God continually for her deliverance. The stony projections were as pillows of down. She had no thought either to eat or drink, only as the scout urged upon her the necessity of retaining her strength.

They must put another night's travel between them and the ogre's lair before it would be safe for Dicky to start on ahead to procure horses of a tribe of vagrant Crows which they had noticed among the hills to the southward.

"Oh, dear Heaven!" exclaimed she, softly and reverently, "how sweet is this evening air. I can never sufficiently adore my Maker, nor reverence you, dear friend, one half enough, for removing me from that loathsome—that ten times worse than savage, captivity. The strongest, bravest mind must finally yield to such surroundings. Had dying hope been entirely extinguished, I must have become a maniac for life. Lead on down these rugged hills; neither scars nor bruises will give me more than momentary uneasiness."

With silent and rapid steps they started out beneath the now clear and star-beaming sky. But the grass was tall and spoke of ambush, and wavering columns of smoke, noticed by the scout, warned them that the plain was plentifully supplied with beacon-fires.

"Now," said Wertzal, on the morning of the second day, "Dicky, you take this ere pouch," producing from some inner receptacle a leathern bag of quite ample dimensions, "and start off among the Crows to trade hoss. I expect the vagabones hain't got nothing but hoss-frames, with some purty dry hide stretched over the jints—'cause them ar bloody Sioux an Komanch's hev took ther Bible oath, that a Crow sha'n't grow no decent hoss-flesh in ther direction; an' don't yer give all the knives an' beads in thar fur what fossils ye procure—leastwise, what yer git will stan' a lively chance ter die, an' will hev ter be replaced by other bones afore we git inter the settlements. Look sharp, Dicky."

"Me trade hoss—much trade with Injin afore—yah! You no tellee me look sharp, you, Wertzy," and the half-breed finished with a knowing wink. "Crows no have much hoss—git along to next smoke—find some odder—heap brave—moving up yender—fish now. Git som hoss outer thar—yah—ooh!" slapping the jingling pouch.

"Yas, yer git two hosses outer that are wallet, if not three; an' don't yer lose thar remainin' notions, neither; we'll be likely ter want another trade."

Rubber Dick departed on his mission, and the scout advised Emily to lie down upon the ground in the shelter of the bush where they were to await their companion's return, while he kept sentinel watch for lurking foes.

"Short rations, gull," said the veteran, "and I guess it would be as well to roll what we hev as a sweet morsel under the tung, fur I darsn't leave ye to git a bit ov game."

"I don't care for anything," she said, returning the bit of dry venison—"please eat it—you are hungry and I am not."

"Yer must go harves, little gall, thar's considerable ov a ride 'tween here an' the settlements."

She objected no more but ate as he requested.

Dicky on his return at early evening fell into disgrace as a trader.

Wertzal looked at the animals with humped up eyebrows.

Lean, sorry nags they were. He walked around and around them, unmindful of Rubber Dick's malicious leer.

"Is these ere fossils what the Crow nashun call hosses?"

"Yah!"

"Ther Crow, ez a savage, ken be excused, but it's a mean libel on the animal hoss to call these ere frames by the same no-man-clutter. I might not git alorng ez farst, perhaps, but I could ride ez easy on my spring back jack-knife, an' no more danger of bein' separated up to the frock collar than ef I risk ter mount one er these remnants ov beast," Dicky put his hands on his hips with a guttural guffaw.

"You stop that—an' you make big straddles with thom same frames, 'er that big Crow party come up—tradee more."

"Loddy massy; less be off afore sich a misfortin' occurs. One more sich trade an' I am financially ruined."

"Yah! told heap much story 'bout white traders—want pack-hoss—come takee—no sellee. Apaches come steal all much hoss Crow hav."

"Massy, 'twould 'ev been money in my wallet ef they'd got the hole pack; but it's time we was on the move. Get that clutter on the best beast—I'd like ter see a feller make a choice—an' I'll boost the gall up. Then Dicky you mount the other. I want to see if yer ain't split ter flinders afore I try it."

"I try—I come up yere—so. I no likee heap more ride now."

"My hat on that; but we must make an effort?"

"Go down stream yonder—Crow's come up for trade again."

The night passed in rough riding, and all parties were glad to halt by daybreak in a little ravine where the "fossils" could refresh their frames with a bite of grass.

It was during this resting time that Emily began to moan and toss about in her sleep, and two patches of fiery red blazed out in her white cheeks.

"Hev bin afeard ov this from the fust," muttered Wertzal; "ef she's gwine ter be took with fever, it's unfortunit, sartain. She's been brung up keerful all her life, an' this ere roughin' it will be mighty likely to break down her constitution. If she gits a fever as 'll fill her mind with goblines, she'll make too much noise fur our benefit. I—"

With a sharp cry Emily sprang up from her troubled sleep. "Where am I?" she called, looking wildly around her.

"Yer with friends, child."

"But where?"

"Under the big dome—don't yer know, we're restin' a leetle an' then are guine to head for Burketon."

"Oh," she said, smiling, "that's it, thank you;" and she laid down again, murmuring softly to herself.

"That's bad—that is sartainly bad. The child is burnin' up with fever. Reeky as it is we've got ter move ahead; by night she'll be yellin' like a wild-cat, that is if it's the wust kind of typhus. I seed her tongue was a leetle black this mornin'. Dicky, here, don't yer know of enny kind ov an arb hereabouts that will kill this sickness that's on the gall?"

"Way back ther be sum—sum what yer call it—break up bad fever. Injins kill fever with it."

"Wall, fur Heaven's sake, let alone hunting fur game—haul yer belt in around yer grist-mill, and bring in some er the stuff."

In two hours the half-breed returned with a handful of wild herbs, which they hastened to steep in a hurriedly built fire, using Wertzal's canteen for a dipper.

"Heap poison," said Rubber Dick, smelling of the villainous decoction, "little drink do well—heave up—nuther, sweat—too much—stiffen, no care much 'bout settlemunt."

"Aye, then you see that she drinks just enough. Come, leetle gall, drink this black stuff so as to feel like ridin' purty soon."

"What?" asked Emily, drowsily.

"Yer want ter get inter the settlemunt, don't yer?"

"I don't care much now."

"Yes, yer must keer. Come, you drink this."

She obediently swallowed a portion of the liquid. In a few moments violent vomiting followed. The second draught she stubbornly refused to drink.

"I'm so sick—so sick now," she kept repeating.

"Likely, child, but yer must take it so as ter feel better."

"Oh, I don't care now," she wearily returned.

"But yer do keer for me, gall—yer don't want ther pitchwigs ter sculp me an' spile my beauty."

A half-unconscious smile flashed over her face, and memory reasserted its power.

"For you, Wertzal, yes; I'll do anything for you."

"That's a nice child—drink."

"Nuff, nuff!" exclaimed Dicky, drawing the canteen from her fevered lips. "Lay her down—no speak much all day—sleep heavy.

It proved as the half-breed said. Emily's incoherent mutterings died away, and white as a lily she lay, breathing heavily until the sun had run his long summer day's journey and had gone to bed behind the curtains of the west. She then awoke free of pain, but weak and with swimming brain.

"Yer mind ain't foggy now?" questioned the trapper.

"Not a particle; when are we going to move forward?"

"D'rectly; Dicky's gone arter his hoss blocks. By mornin', if ye ken stan' it to ride all night, we'll be into the outposts whar we left our hosses as is hosses; and then yer know we'll break up the rollin' flats inter reg'lar paces."

For the first few miles the half-breed was obliged to ride behind Emily in order to hold her on to the horse, but the clear air and wonderful freedom from encountering Indians restored her in part to herself, and the animals being, liked singed cats, better than they looked, quite a piece of ground was gotten over before daylight. Just at that time, however, when they thought of camping down to rest, they were destined to have quite a fright, caused by the sudden appearance of two savages charging down upon them in the Indians' peculiarly impromptu style.

But they proved to be only two shabby Crows that had persistently followed the party, with the hope either of more trade or being able to thieve from them.

"Ef we were ten miles forther in, said Wertzal, with a leer, "I'd giv 'em a few coppers to steal back these fossels, fur it's runnin' great reak ter civilization to turn 'em loose on the flats. A man could commit suicide on one ov the critters without half tryin'. Sposin' a mail-stage should hit one ov these fellars starn to? 'Twould go through the old barge like an ash-wedge, faith."

Dicky gave vent to another guttural guffaw, and by ferocious gesticulation and spluttering in the Crow language made the braves understand "No trade—no trade." They went off reluctantly, looking with wistful eyes at their steeds.

"Sartain, ye shall hev 'em pitchwigs.

Call ter-morrow night an' take yer own an' may yer split ter yer chins afore ye've rid a mile, by Japeeter Olimpus!"

They deemed it advisable after an hour's rest to creep on again, for Emily was too weak, and the beasts too thin to allow of any speed.

When within fifteen miles of the outpost where they had left their horses, having scanned the plains and discovered nothing to alarm them, it was proposed that Rubber Dick should go on and get the animals, bringing back one also for Emily to ride.

He had not been absent more than two hours before he returned in extreme haste, belaboring his "fossil" in regular Indian manner. He reported a party of Cheyennes heading directly toward them, having, no doubt, sighted them from some rise, in the early morning.

"How many, Dicky?"

"No big heap, so many," holding up the fingers and thumb of his left hand.

Emily sank faint and trembling upon the ground.

"Don't yer be skeered," said the scout, "it would be a surprisin' thing ever to cross these big flats without a scrummage. What do yer think ov their state of mind, Rubber Dick."

"Big blotches and streaks ov black and red—much feather—much rings round eyes."

"Yes, yas—trade-mark—bowels yearnin' fur scraps ev white meat. What yer purpose doin'?"

"Get back whar thars holes in ther rocks, yonder—show fight—put squaw back, an' pick 'em."

"Good, good, Dicky—ye've got blood in yer eye! Ef we hev to fight, we will—eh?"

"Yah."

Wertzal explained to the terrified girl the necessity of retreating the way that they had come for the distance of several miles, so as to reach a broken spur of a line of foothills, which might afford them a hiding-place.

But they had not ridden half the distance when the tufted heads suddenly lifted above a distant elevation, which brought both parties in sight of each other.

"We can't git nowhar with these fossils; an' I don't like fur them to see us trying to retreat. Right about-face, Dicky, an' wait for 'em to come up. Ef they hed meant fight fust they'd ev kept a leetle closer an' come up at night."

The half-breed shook his head, dissentingly.

"No care creepee much—five big warriors eat two up."

"Yer may be right."

The chief of the party now rode a little in advance of the others, and when at a proper distance extended his two arms to their utmost, in token of pacific intentions. The old scout standing boldly upright, also went through with some pantomimic gestures, and then carefully laying his interpreter within reaching distance, he awaited further developments. The entire party of five warriors decked in their Sunday best, dismounted, and squatted in a half circle, while Wertzal, well aware that the entire performance was a farce, solemnly lighted his huge mortar of a pipe, and having taken an enormous whiff puffed it out slowly, and passed the pipe to the next one, he, in turn, extended it to his brother red, and so it went the rounds.

These preliminaries gone through with, the Indian huckster proposed a trade. Dicky, who was interpreter, wanted no trade, unless they would sell their horses. This, of course, they wouldn't do. Wertzal gave them a plug of tobacco all around—and they, either thinking that he was possessed of more valuables than he would own, or else eager to get into a quarrel—probably the latter—showed their feelings by angry grunts and scowls. Finally, the chief—probably the buffoon of the party—proposed giving a horse for "White squaw."

"You scaly never-endin' aboriginal! go ter yer ancestral shades and swaller yerself—yer don't know ther rules ov civilization, do yer?"

Dicky renders this into Cheyenne, thus:

"He no trade, sachem—squaw no his ter trade—you no talkee much—he no trade. He big medicine man. He see Wa-con-dah in big hills yonder; talkee much—sum thunder thar. Great Spirit took one eye—see too much both—see thar—an' thar. Injins no live he have both eye."

But the savage, an adept in lies and deception himself, believes none too much of what is told him, therefore Dicky's fiery explanations are met with derisive grunts.

"Whar git pale-face squaw?" asked the old sachem.

"Wa-con-dah send her—he takee her into fort. Wa-con-dah send her."

The warrior evinced unbelief, and Dicky grew angry. He rattled out a fierce chatter, he bent over and rubbed his hands back and forth, yelling "I no lie—Wa-con-dah send squaw into fort—he takee her—he takee her—hu-r-r-r w-o-o-t!"

"Yas, I mean ter, Dicky; but I calkerlate thar'll be some opperseition ov opinion."

However, another smoke went round, and the braves mounted and rode sulkily away.

"Gone off mad—eh?"

"They come back—come back ter night. Mean ter hav squaw."

"God have mercy!" ejaculated poor Emily.

"We're good fur that number," Wertzal encouraged her. "If they don't git recruits—but we've gut ter move back to a hiding-hole."

Feeling sure that they were watched from some stealthy covert, they still sought for some cave or natural earthwork which might afford safety and allow them the better to protect themselves. Into such an aperture they crept a little past noon, all parties beginning now to feel the gnawings of hunger, and neither man daring to venture off in quest of game, lest he might be intercepted and captured on his return. As these preparations went on, Emily's feelings were such that we forbear attempting to describe them. A sickening foreboding that she never was to be reunited to any of her friends again on earth filled her mind.

"Don't give up," cheerily called the scout, "me an' Dicky's been in wuss fixes than this, an' hev got out every time."

"But, my dear friend, there always comes a last time."

"Likely as not; but the Injin ain't born yit as is gwine ter kill me, an' in the some years ter cum, ef he's born d'rectly, 'taint likely I shall allow myself ter be flustrated an' measured an' put ter bed by a baby pitch-wig."

But Wertzal's real opinions of the case were buttoned under his hunting frock.

Dicky drew forth a handful of parched corn and divided it among them. The old scout eyed the morsel comically, and finally in his slow speech gave his ideas upon the subject.

"Rubber Dick, ef we expect ter do much fightin' on this allowance, it's best to lay down an' let our vittels swell."

"Yah!" returned the half-breed.

They had climbed some distance up the side of the ravine and crept into a sort of circular opening to a cave in the rocks, feeling assured that if the Indians attempted an entrance they could defend it.

"Now, Dick," said the scout, "you watch the port-hole while yer parched corn swells, an' I'm gwine back a piece to explore the sniler kitchen of this domisill. Thar may be a winder at tother eend on't."

He was gone three long hours, a time filled with sickening forebodings to the weak, dispirited girl.

When he finally came up the dark, tortuous way, it was nearly nightfall; but when he appeared he was brimming over with a strange, and, to Emily, horrible glee. It was soon explained, however, in the fact that he had found an opening at the back of the crevice, winding in a subterraneous passage for quite a distance back in the ravine, and letting them out almost into the channel of the stream.

"Why we no getee off when it comes dark?—no wait fight?"

"I've a better plan, Rubber Dick. We can't do nothin' ef we git out. We might run kerwhack inter em at fust start. Agin, we can't git nowhar with thare fossils, an' only two on 'em at that."

"Give out big plan—you have heap plan in yer ugly old head, Wertz—give out plan."

The scout complied.

"They've hung round an' watched us; they've seen this ere very hole inter which we've driv ourselves, an' they'll watch fur us to come out. Now, then, they'll hev thar hosses handy, an' while yer amuse 'em here in front, I'm gwine ter git out ev the rear entrance with the gall, an' surruptitiously borry three ev thar best hosses, leavin' you—you got-a-purchase fellar—to show 'em a clean par ev heels an' jine us about forty degrees south ov this lair."

"All right! You do that thing, you smart ole Wertz—you heap smart."

"Wall, Dicky, I ain't aguine ter say but that sum ev them red lice is smart, but thar pitch-knots don't kiver ser much *think* sumtimes as sleeps in a white fellar's garret. I kalkerlate this is ter prove the most strategetic feat ever accomplished on these ere flats east ev the Rockies."

The two men busied themselves for some time in bringing loose rocks to the mouth of the cavern, so that at the right time Dicky could block up the way and hinder instant pursuit.

Did no fear that the subterranean passage might be known to their besiegers enter the old scout's mind? Not one; as he had had too many big lifts on the stones in the blocked-up way to think that its whereabouts had previously been ascertained by either white man or savage. The hours of early evening passed silently away. Nothing was heard distinctly by those hidden in the cavern save the voice of the stream at the bottom of the ravine. Alternate hope and fear distracted Emily's mind, yet she forebore to question her experienced companions.

"What yer kalkerlat's up, Dicky?" whispered Wertzal.

"Don' no—no thing stir below thar"—in the same tone—"yah!"

This ejaculation was called forth by the sudden falling from above of some dry grass and other rubbish. It might have been slid off by the foot of a wandering animal. Hardly, however, as more followed.

"I have it now," whispered the scout, in the same cautious tone; "they're above—over the mouth ov the cave, and air out ov reach, while they build a burnfire at the entrance."

"Yah! yer move soon—fire blaze up show you."

"Not quite. The openin' is south ov here, ahind a knoll as 'll be in the shaddar. I kalkerlated on it at ther time. They must git airnest to work here afore I git a chance to stampede thar hosses. Yer to fire once in a while an' yell out ter me, an' at larst, when I steal off with the gall—do yer think yer good fur the sittywation? Ken ye jine us? Ef ye can't, I swar I'll stan' the chance with ye."

"Me lived a heap while on yer plains—no catchee yit."

"Be keerful, an' of we get started right, we'll travill."

Down shot a burning arrow into the heap, for a moment lighting up the mouth of the cave, but more brush falling, the pungent smoke began to find its way inside.

"That's hevin a pipe a piece an' puttin' the smoke tergether, I reckon," facetiously observed Wertzal, and then taking Emily's hand he whispered—"Come, little gall, we've got ter try an' git sout ev this. We can't git away on the perpendiculer, nor on the horizontail, but must try the semi-sarkle, leastwise, we've got ter go off on our hands an' knees. I'll lead, an' ye ken but tunk yer hed agin my heels, while I'll stan' a smart chance ter hev some confusions of ther skull."

Dreadful thoughts suggested themselves to Emily's mind. What if there were another passage and they should accidentally enter it and wind off into other unexplored regions, but it was not a great time before she heard the brawling of water in front of them, and Wertzal calling out a whispered "halt," thrust his head outside to reconnoitre. He then crawled out of the flat opening and drew his companion along with him.

"Be still an' swift ov foot fur a few minnits," he whispered, and hugging the shadows of the valley, they had passed fifty yards from the ravine when the scout spoke again.

"Crouch clus down in ther grass an' don't yer make enny noise till I cum, ef it's till doomsday."

She was only to glad to drop her trembling limbs upon the earth, and Wertzal disappeared. Although moments seemed hours to her, the old hero was not long absent, and he returned with more speed than caution.

For some time there had been the occasional discharge of a rifle at the mouth of the cave, and the scout knew that Dicky could hold out but a little while longer.

Emily had no idea of all that had occurred in the brief absence of her companion. Well for her future dreams that she did not clairvoyantly see the huge figure creeping upon the solitary savage that guarded the horses. There was no outcry in the night to tell why the bridle dropped from a dead Indian's hand, but Wertzal had returned with three sleek Indian ponies, upon one of which he was mounted. He swung the trembling girl upon another, and whispering to her to hold on for her life, he hugged close to the back of the hill and got away as rapidly as prudence would allow.

The occasional firing had ceased, the fire on the cliff was dying down and a savage yell proclaimed that the red fiends had charged upon the cave, and, as they supposed, the smoke-blinded and half-suffocated inmates. Wertzal now spurred back to the stream, and running his arm through the bridle rein of the spare horse he thrust Emily's steed in front of him, and again urging her to cling to the animal he gave the beast a stick with the point of his knife, as these creatures showed a decided disinclination to leave their savage masters.

A wild whoop proclaimed the discovery of Dicky, of the flight, and of the slain groom and the stolen horses. Wertzal turned toward the bank, leaped upon firm footing, and did not spare the animals which they rode.

It soon proved that the wild whoop might have been from combined infinences, at least the sounds of pursuit were distinctly audible.

"Ride as fast an' as far as ye ken, gall; thar's a strip ev bush not many miles ahead, an' I want ter reach it ef I ken. Yer beast will foller better'n lead; cling by ther main anyway, an' ride! *ride!* it's life an' death. Ef we reach ther bush thar's a chance; ef not thar ain't a quarter ov one."

The poor girl, almost unconscious, still strove to do as she was bidden.

"Here's the bush, git through it to the river on the other side, keep up yer pace, yer life is in yer own hands—ef ye falter, ye're lost. Drive on with the big bright star a pintin' fur yer left shoulder."

"Oh, Wertzal," she gasped as she passed him.

"Yes, yes, I know it—I know it little gall; I'm guine ter wait fur 'em in the river ov the bush; they'd overtake us anyhow. Push on—mind ther star, an' Dicky or me'll find yer before daybreak."

Her pony, urged by a stinging blow from Wertzal's knife handle, darted ahead along the line of chapperal, and the old scout, fixing in his mind the exact place where the savages would charge through, wheeled into cover and awaited their approach.

"Ther can't be but two," reasoned he, "leastwise tham ar fossils could never bring them pitchwigs at that pace."

Crouching close in the shadows what was his amazement to behold two animals galloping abreast, apparently riderless.

"Ken them ar remainin' beasts hev broke loose and followed these?"

But no sooner were they through the bush into the open land beyond, then up leaped a form upon one of them, whose bent position showed that he was scanning the shadowy plain.

Intent upon the Indian, the scout drew up his rifle within range, and was just on the instant preparing to fire, when the "oh-i-r-r-r ip-ip-ip," of Rubber Dick, sent his arm down with a quiver.

What if he had fired? From the bush he answered Dicky's bird-call in a very base male-bird tone, and then shot from the covert and overtook the half-breed.

"Jupiteer Olimpus! ye've played a cuter game than I dared to. How d'ye do it?"

"Waited for a big choke, then scrambled out and made a dash. Stumbled into hoss, cotch him an' run. Yah—ooh!"

"Wall, wall! by all the saints in ther calender, an' I cum jist the nearest a workin' a hole in the lappell ov yer right ear—sartain."

"Thought maybe old One-Eye in the bush—see me, Injin, with blind side."

"An' so yer lopped over?"

"Yah!"

"Now, then, we've got ter find the gall. I expect she's gone by ther board; but she's hung on amazin'. Wall, ov all ther games! Come on, Dicky, let's find the gall."

Before they had ridden a mile they found the pony coming back to meet them; but it was riderless. A sudden terror filled the minds of both men.

"What has happened to her?"

"Fell off," answered the half-breed. "Find her soon."

"Take keer of the animals, an' I'll git on afoot and look fur her."

But she hadn't been thrown. She had found herself too weak and dizzy to hold on longer, and had slipped off before a fall might injure her severely.

"You're little an' you're light," said Wertzal, "an' hoss flesh is plenty. Take her on with you, while I take along these cattle." This was to Dicky.

They made so good work with the fresh and fast Indian horses, that when the sun came winking up the east they were within six miles of the out-post.

The first remark that Wertzal made, excepting when from time to time the half-breed changed himself and his burden to the back of a fresh horse, was:

"What *do* yer s'pose tham Kians hev done with our fossils?"

"Sole 'em to ther buzzards, maybe," was the meaning reply.

Before the sun was very high they had reached the out-post.

"An' we'll take two bunches ov buffeler, several airlines, an' whatever else the plains affords," was Wertzal's answer in regard to an invitation to breakfast with the officers. "Gin us a regular buzzard gorge."

Emily was coaxed into eating what, at first, it seemed she could not swallow, and the effects of the stimulating food was soon apparent. She was ready to move forward again in two hours' time. The scouts here took their own horses, and choosing one of the best ones which they had brought in for Mrs. Armstrong, they left the others with the soldiers, facetiously remarking, that if the Kians or Crows or buzzards called for them, to have them branded U. S., and refuse to recognize other claims.

The garrison had heard from a runner or courier at Burketon that Wertzal and Rubber Dick were bringing Emily in, and the inhabitants, men, women and children formed in procession, and, headed with a fife and drum marched forth to meet the wanderers. A squad of cavalry, led by Ben Burke and Mr. Vickey, respectively fifer and drummer of the occasion, first made their appearance, closely followed by the foot people of the place, not excepting detachments of noisy light *infantry*.

The sight was too much for the half-breed's excitability. He and his beast at the same time lost all control of their nerves. The mare began to whirl—to lift her fore feet, and rock her head, at which Dicky leaped bolt upright upon her sleek and graceful back, and together they rushed to meet the delighted spectators.

"Lord's massy! ain't the poor gall hed enough to cumfusterfy her without this here outpourin' to meet her?"

This muttering of Wertzal was the first intimation that Emily had had of what the strange procession meant, and her heart struck up for a moment a throbbing in perfect unison with the beats of the drum, and then suddenly stopped, while her eyelids drooped slowly, and her pale face became ashy hued to the very lips.

The old hero reined quickly abreast of her, and swinging his arm about her, held her inanimate form against his rough old breast.

Catherine and Ben's wife received the faded, bedraggled lily in their arms, while the scout and Dicky, after a brief space, were taken possession of by the male population, and questioned until Wertzal declared that the cat-e-kism drawed wuss on his vituls than a claw-hammer on the hed ov a board nail. But Emily proved to be in a wretched state; she laughed or cried as the case might be by the half hour together, and screamed distractedly when a strange step approached. She slept none to speak of, and to Catherine's anxious and distressed glance of inquiry, Wertzal returned, shaking his head dubiously—

"I dunno—she's been through enough ter kill three just like her; though if yer keerful and don't let her git another scare she may carm down; but a mighty little atop ov this would put her under the sod."

For nearly a month she remained in this state, and the family moved with easy steps through the house, and no one was allowed to enter the room to wait upon her save Kate and Mrs. Ben. After that, there came a happy change. Health was gradually restored, and the shattered nerves quieted into peace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A most melancholy thing recently happened to a young gentleman in Paris. He had been dining out and wining pretty freely, and as he was going to the *bal d'opera*, he submitted himself to the operations of a street shoe-black. Leaning back in his chair he was asleep before the operation was concluded; but when the juvenile artist found out the condition of his customer he hastened to improve it. He gently drew off the boots, added his victim's purse and watch to his booty, gathered up his brushes and departed. The gentleman was at last aroused by his cold feet, and ignominiously made the best of his way home. There was no dancing for him that night.

☞ Two able-bodied citizens of Chicago have made application for the position made vacant by the recent death of Mr. Barnum's gorilla. Barnum made each of them an offer of $14 a week if they would occupy the same cage as male and female, and take turns in nursing a young orang outang during the hours of exhibition.

LOVE IN THE WOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A glorious July morning sun poured its full flood of light over the Delaware Water Gap, and a few stray beams wandering into one of the pleasant upper rooms of the Kittatinny House, surprised its occupant in the act of arising. Now that is not a very romantic beginning, but as the sun evinced not the least sign of embarrassment, but rather gazed in upon our unknown friend with a peculiarly pleasant and benignant expression of countenance, receiving a jovial "Good-morning, old fellow," from that individual, I suppose we will have to pass the circumstance over lightly.

A cursory glance around the apartment might have led one to suppose that this young gentleman was one of those parasitic animals peculiar to watering places and summer resorts known as artists; but, in truth, Will Anthony was one of those few favored individuals upon whom that fair but fickle maid "Fortune, had lavished her kindest blandishments." So, not obliged to seek his living otherwise, he had given full away to his natural inclination for the arts, and though not destined to seriously injure the reputation of Leonardo da Vinci, or Rafael, or any other of those grand old Italian masters, he had in an amateur way acquired no little knowledge of and proficiency in his pet art.

So much for his occupation. He had already risen and donned his clothes, and was lost in contemplation of a long flossy yellow moustache which was reflected from the looking-glass, when he was caused to start, and utter a somewhat hasty though remarkably expressive exclamation, by a sudden shout of "Hallos, Anthony," proceeding from the doorway. Turning around he perceived what you or I might easily have mistaken for an apparition of the "great unwashed" himself, bearing in one hand a towel of which it was making a vigorous use, and in other a pair of newly polished boots.

"I say, Anthony," began the apparition, using the towel between times, "a party of ladies and gentlemen are going to pay a visit to Caldeno Falls this morning, will your royal highness condescend to accompany us?"

"Ladies did you say?" cried Will.

"Yes, certainly," was the answer, accompanied by another vigorous application of the towel.

"By Jove, Harrington, go? why, old fellow, I'd go a hundred miles with one of the angels hanging on my arm, that is, you know, ahem! provided they are *destingué*;" and our redoubted ladies' man placed his thumbs in his vest and looked very dignified indeed.

"Oh! ho! you old Adonis," said Harrington, "I know you better than you do yourself; why, you would walk ten miles in a thunderstorm for anything in the way of gossamer, but, by the by, Will," he added, a sly twinkle lighting his bright blue eye, "you haven't been introduced to that Miss Canova yet, have you? quite a belle. I'll introduce you myself this morning."

"Will you?" cried Anthony, and was about to embrace his friend for joy, when that individual uttered the very trite observation "by Jove," and suddenly disappeared, followed by an explosive burst of merry, rippling laughter from the upper end of the corridor.

Will slammed the door hastily, and peering through the keyhole observed a pair of the fair creatures of his adoration, their arms twined lovingly around each other's waists, their pretty little heads together in close confab, and bubbling over with suppressed mirth, trip past and down toward the breakfast-room, and ten minutes later he was himself seen sauntering leisurely up its length, distributing his smiles and nods with a very self-satisfied air among the admiring fair ones.

He devoured an enormous breakfast, and then smoked a cigar, promenaded the porch, exchanged salutations on the weather with that harmless fop, Weekling, read the news, carried on a slight flirtation with a pretty little flirt by the name of Mary Wilton, and in fact was half dead with ennui before Harrington put in an appearance, which he did, however, after an hour's impatient waiting on Will's part, in company with a beautiful girl with large dark eyes, and a sweet, wild expression of countenance, such as Will had never before seen. Her features are of the proud Castilian type, and the glance of those flashing black eyes brings thoughts of lovely "Donnas," and the passionate tales of love and chivalry, which through the glorious mediæval times the troubadours sung through the palaces and banquet halls of Spain; and yet beneath this outward gloss of pride there flows an expression of gentle trustfulness not unmingled with a tinge of genuine mischievous pleasantry, which will occasionally peep out from its lurking places in the deep sparkling eyes and the corners of her mouth.

Harrington introduced her with a smile and a bow of the most profound and subtle satire as Miss Agnes Canova, and then whispering to Will, slyly, "You are in for it now, old boy, I wish you joy of her. We can none of us extract more than simple yes and no from her," left them together, and with a party of laughing, merry girls started off up a lovely little glen which led to the falls.

The moment their eyes met Will felt his heart go "pitipat—pitipat," and his whole being was filled with an inexpressibly beatific feeling of joy, and tenderness, and pathos, just such a feeling as sooner or later comes to all warm young hearts ere their contamination with the cold and calculating world dispels that sweet illusion of the truth and loveliness and goodness of life.

Strange to say, Will had lost entirely that calm composure and easy grace which had hitherto made his manner conspicuous, and simpered, and stuttered, and stammered like a veritable idiot, such pranks does that pleasant little fellow Cupid play. At last, after much blushing, and fidgetting, and picking at the hem of his coat, he succeeded in delivering himself of the following erudite remark.

"I think that—that is—I mean, don't you think that it's a beautiful day?"

"Yes," she answered, smiling mischievously as she noticed his confusion.

"I think so too," he continued, sickishly, another embarrassing pause, during which Will eyes the ground intently until an idea suddenly strikes him, and he again breaks the silence with "Don't you think that blue is one of the prettiest colors?"

A still more roguish smile broke from the corners of her mouth as she again assented "Yes."

"Isn't it awfully warm?" he continued, at a venture.

"Yes," she again replied.

Thoroughly disgusted with his own stupidity, and despairing of obtaining any assistance from her, Will, at length in sheer desperation, broke out in a wild eulogy on the magnificent landscape, the glorious sunlight, the luxuriant foliage, and the wild beauty of the woodland flowers. As he continued, she appeared to grow more interested, and he was surprised when he ended to hear her break forth, her deep lustrous eyes sparkling with pleasure and excitement:

"Oh, Mr. Anthony, I am so glad to find at last one young gentleman who speaks of something besides dinners and balls; and I doat on scenery; see" she cried, pointing to where a golden strip of sun-flecked river was visible through an embrasure in the trees, "how it flashes and sparkles, and then the soft summer air, and the warbling of that thrush in the thicket yonder, and those grand old swinging pines, one might almost imagine we were walking in an enchanted wood where all was pleasure, and gayety, and loveliness."

Indeed one might if one were allowed to judge by Will's feelings. He felt ecstatic, he didn't know why, but when those beautiful eyes looked at him in that way, and those pretty lips smiled, and spoke such pleasant words to him, he felt as though he would like to—to do something very naughty indeed. He grew excited, and talked, and laughed and listened, and smiled, and said all manner of extraordinary things; and, in fact, made an egregious donkey of himself; but strange to say, Miss Agnes did not appear to be of that opinion, for she also talked, and laughed, smiled, and looked very pretty, nay, beautiful indeed, and once or twice when they were obliged to cross a streamlet, she leaned so heavily upon his arm as to cause him to soil one of those irreproachable boots, an unpardonable offence at another time but one in which Will gloried now.

When they reached the pretty little cascade it was their object to visit, the rest of the party were far in advance, and their ringing shouts, and merry bursts of laughter were heard faint in the distance. In this instance I must say that dame Fashion has deviated from her usual custom, and chosen one of the most truly beautiful and exquisite little nooks with which bountiful nature ever graced the earth for her promenade, the grand old trees, the deep cool gloom, the merry laughter of the pretty little cascade as it dashes down over the rocks, and the great white tropical looking rhododendron blossoms conspiring to render the spot one of almost fairy-like beauty.

Here, seated on a moss-grown log in sight of the dancing waters, they talked through the long summer morning, of all things strange, and beautiful, and ancient, wild old tales of romance, weird legends of the ice-bound northern lands, and strange stories of the chivalry of the "Middle Ages."

"Mr. Anthony," said Agnes breaking a pause in the conversation, "can you guess to what nation I belong?"

Now that was a delicate question; Will puzzled awhile and then, as he was a patriotic youth guessed "America."

"By birth, yes," she answered, "but my father was a Spaniard, and my mother is as you can see an Englishwoman. While my father was yet alive, I learned from him many curious legends and old traditions, one of which in particular I remember on account of its peculiarly poetic beauty. It is, that in some provinces of Spain the peasants believe that if an amorous swain be fortunate enough to catch the maiden of his love alone during a thunderstorm and kiss her, he is sure of her everlasting love. For they say that the spirit of love rides down from Heaven on the lightning, and through the touching of the lips enters the maiden's heart. Think you, would not that custom dispense with a great deal of arrant nonsense in the way of courting were it introduced here," she said, glancing mischievously at Will; but that young gentleman replied quite unconsciously, that he devoutly wished a thunderstorm would spring up immediately. At this point of the conversation the young lady arose, and said that she thought it was time to return to the hotel; and it was not until they arrived there rather late, and perceived that they were observed with that peculiar smile which every one knows how to interpret, that they were aware how the hours had sped. Agnes blushed very red and bid Will a rather cool adieu, and he started a conversation with that afore-mentioned malicious little flirt, Mary Wilton, who remarked to him that "his conversation with Miss Canova had appeared very deep indeed." Yes, my pretty little mischief maker, altogether too deep for the comprehension of your little flaxen poll.

Weekling remarked to his friend Horseby, "By Jove! old fellow, Anthony has awakened the 'sleeping beauty,' you know," which observation was considered the brightest thing Weekling had gotten off that season, and was received by Horseby with a huge unmannerly guffaw, which made Anthony who was standing within a neighboring door, blush up to the very ears. "Go you five to one," said Horseby, who as his name implies was rather fond of the race-course. "Go you five to one that Anthony comes in ahead," but as Weekling did not appear to grasp at the offer the subject was dropped, and the conversation turned upon the last style of boots.

From this time forth Will and Agnes were constantly together in the ball-room, on the river, in the pleasant morning woods, in the long gray summer twilights; always together, gay and merry sometimes, at others talking seriously, or, by mutual consent, sunk in quiet meditation. The strange, deep nature of the beautiful girl had produced a powerful effect upon the young man's mind, and his love for her had opened within his soul a newer and a wider field of thought. She, in her turn, like Galatea in the beautiful old Grecian fable, from the cold inexpressive statue, had grown into the brilliant and accomplished woman; and, to follow the fable farther, her Pygmalion had fallen in love with the wonderful work of art into which he had breathed the breath of life, and now kneeled at her feet an humble worshipper. Will did not understand her, at times she was as proud and haughty as a Diana, again she was as merry and mischievous as a brownie, and then sometimes such a tender, beautiful light would come into her eyes that Will would be more than half persuaded to tell his love, but whenever he approached the subject she invariably changed the conversation, and grew grave and thoughtful immediately.

Of course all this was not going on without creating some little stir among the other guests of the hotel where every little affair of the kind is made common property, and furnishes the general topic of conversation for the time. Will was an object of no little envy among the young fellows; but as Harrington, more generous than the rest, observed, "Will deserved the benefit of the change he had wrought."

The polite mammas who had marriageable daughters ("the darlings") to dispose of, thought that "Mr. Anthony displayed wretched taste," and for once the daughters coincided with their mothers, the more especially as the vague rumors which had been floating about regarding his family and wealth had been confirmed by a late arrival.

Matters had been going on in this way for about a month, and as yet Will had spoken no word of his love, when one day as he was moping disconsolately about the porch, scarcely knowing what to do in the absence of Agnes, who kept her room on account of a slight sickness, Mary Wilton said to him, "Will, what has become of the once dashing gallant, you might as well be in Greenland for all we see of you now, and you have grown as reserved and unsociable as a hermit?"

Somehow the light words of the little flirt stung him keenly. Heaven only knows what was the matter with him, it might have been his mood, or it might have been the inspoken voice of that spirit of prophecy which tells us that the course of true love shall never run smoothly, but certain it is, that as he wandered around the woods that day, brooding gloomily upon her words, he fell into that same fatal error into which many another young fellow has fallen, and through blind, false pride, or more false delicacy, rendered his own life and possibly that of one nearer and dearer to him than his own, miserable.

"Yes!" thought he, "her words are true, I have estranged myself almost entirely from society, and to what purpose. Here I have been living in a state of miserable uncertainty for a month past, and every attempt that I have made to learn my fate has been met with an impassible barrier of gravity. Maybe Miss Agnes is only trifling with me after all, and that shall no woman ever do with me; no, I will put an end to this thing if I have to leave to-morrow. She shall never have the opportunity to jilt *me*."

Fool that he was! Could he not see Well, well, 'tis a great pity that such a fair and radiant child as Cupid should have been born blind.

The next morning while Will was smoking his cigar, Agnes, all life and animation, came running up to him to propose some little pleasure jaunt of which she had thought. He received her with a few frigid words of the most formal politeness, making some nonsensical excuse for declining to accompany her—and the next minute was chiding himself bitterly for having done so. For a moment her eyes expressed surprise and uncertainty; for a moment only, and then a hard, proud look came into them, and with a courtesy as haughty and chilling as his own, she passed on.

Will tried to carry on a conversation with Miss Wilton, but she soon wearied of his preoccupied "Ah's" and "Yes's," and left him to his own poignant cogitations.

He had resolved certainly to return to the city on the following day—but when the morrow came, love proved himself stronger than all the good resolutions in the world, as he always has, and always will; so all that day he moped about the hotel, hoping half-sorrowfully half-angrily to obtain a glimpse of her as she passed to and fro, but not once did she show herself; and so it was the next day, and so on for a week, and yet he had met her only twice to interchange a cold nod and pass on, to think bitterly of how it might have been.

One close sultry evening toward the close of August, just as the autumn god was beginning to make his presence perceptible in the summer forests, the greater portion of the guests of the hotel had gathered together out on the porch to catch whatever stray breaths of air might be stirring. A bevy of ancient dames, with one or two younger votaries of "Miss Grundy," were seated at one end of the verandah, discussing the degeneracy of society and other interesting topics of a like nature; while at the further end Weekling and another youth somewhat of his stamp, were engaged in a desperate flirtation with a coterie of giggling girls.

Will, utterly lonely and miserable, had wandered away up the lovely little glen which fronts the house, that he might be by himself. The leaves rustled quietly above his head as though an unseen spirit stirred them, and a majestic summer moon that was just rising against the forest-fringed edge of the eastern mountains, poured a delicate flood of its silvery beams through the openings in the trees. What an old hypocrite that moon is after all, how pure, and calm, and unconscious it hangs up there in the tranquil sky—and yet what crime is there so red and horrible that it has not looked upon it; what terrible deeds of rapine and murder, what heart-rending scenes of bloodshed and cruelty; aye, and what breaking hearts, and heads bent down in silent agony, has it not smiled down upon with placid old countenance, the same as it would upon the most touching love episode that was ever enacted.

And yet, which one of us is there that can resist its influence? Will could not. Even now as he wandered disconsolate and sorrowful, its pale, soft beams poured in upon his troubled feelings like a soothing balm, and his thoughts though melancholy, were of a gentle and forgiving nature, such as he should have thought before, and such as it is worthless to repeat now. He had learned by this time to know what an arrant fool he had made of himself. Ah me! if all might know the future, how few would have to regret the past.

He was aroused from his gloomy lucubrations by a low ominous muttering in the west, and looking in that direction he perceived that the sky was rapidly filling with great rolling storm-clouds, from whose frowning flood-gates it was evident that a torrent would soon be poured over the thirsty earth. Will hurried into the bowling-alley as the nearest place of shelter—and he had scarcely closed the door when the storm commenced, first with a few large sullen drops that splashed heavily on the dry leaves without, and then a sudden dash of rain which ushered in the deluge that followed.

He had been sitting for some time with his head between his hands, gazing in a sad, absent way out upon the storm, and feeling a sort of gloomy sympathy with it, when suddenly his heart gave a great plunge, and his breath came fast and thick as he looked; there by the window, as proud and beautiful as the wraith of the storm itself, stood Agnes. Her features had caught the wild spirit of the elements, and her long raven hair had escaped from its bands, and flowing down over her dark shoulders, formed a setting in which as the successive flashes gleamed through the intense darkness, her face was radiant with a strange beauty that seemed almost of the spirit world. Will dared not speak, he dared not move, he could only stand there and look at her in a bewildered, stupefied sort of way, and feel the wild pangs of self-reproach tearing at his heart. Will Anthony! Will Anthony! why *did* you do it? why *did* you do it?

After awhile there was a lull in the storm, and for a moment the stillness in the atmosphere was as that of death, until such a splitting, blazing, blinding crash of lightning and thunder burst the gates of heaven as shook the slight building to its foundations, and laid prostrate one of the giant oaks without. Agnes uttered a slight scream, and would have fallen prone to the floor, but Will rushed quickly forward and caught her in his arms as she fell, and the next flash showed him her dear face pale and cold as marble, and her head lay motionless upon his shoulder.

"Agnes, my life! my love! awake," he cried, covering the cold lips with kisses, "hold up your head, my darling, it is all over now." As he spoke her lips quivered slightly, and a faint smile flashed over the pale face as though a beautiful dream were passing within, then her eyes opened slowly, and for a moment gazed up into his own with a look of unutterable love and tenderness, and then with a convulsive start she struggled away from him, and cried, her eyes blazing with anger and shame:

"How dare you, Mr. Anthony?"

"The thunderstorm, Agnes, do you not remember the thunderstorm?" replied Will. "Shall we not say that the old Spanish legend was true?"

A deep blush suffused her cheek as she remembered how he had obtained the information, and then in a hysterical way she tried to laugh, but failing utterly, broke down at last into a flood of passionate tears.

"Oh! Will," she sobbed forth, "how—could y-you be—so cruel?"

Will placed his arm around her waist, and drawing her to him impressed one pure kiss upon her fair forehead. "Agnes," he said, with a world of manliness and tenderness in his voice.

"Well, Will," she replied.

"Will you forgive me, darling?"

Just then an enormous clap of thunder broke in, and I don't know whether her lover caught her answer or not, but we may presume it was satisfactory, for when they returned to the hotel it was noticed that Will looked amazingly happy; and when Agnes's mamma inquired of her where she had been, she looked up at Will in a pleading sort of way, and Will looked down at her in a very manly and protecting way, and then it came out. As Agnes's mamma was one of those aforementioned politic ladies, of course she raised no obstacle in the path of their happiness, and although there was a great deal of talk one way and another, I am quite sure that Will and Agnes could afford to smile at it all.

L. B. H.

IN THE WEST WING OF BARTON GRANGE.

BY MRS. M. E. MUCHALL.

I, Marion Barton, had been travelling for a whole day and two nights without any rest, and when I stepped off the platform of the railway terminus into the comfortable carriage which my Uncle Barton had sent to meet me, I was, to use a slang expression of our day, "dead tired," and, on learning from Joey, the old negro coachman, that we had still some twelve miles to travel before we could even see the Grange, with a half-smothered sigh of impatience and weariness I nestled down among the soft cushions, and, for the first time since I left home, fell fast asleep.

This was my first journey from home all alone, and my first visit among strangers, if indeed I could look upon Uncle and Aunt Barton in the light of strangers, for both had often written to me and my dear mother asking her to spare them Marion for a long visit; but mamma was not well off, and the journey was a long and very expensive one, so my visit to Barton Grange was one of the pleasures talked of and longed for without much chance of ever coming to anything. However, one very happy day there came a more than usually long letter from Uncle Barton, enclosing a draft for eighty dollars on one of the banks, which money, he said, was to pay his dear Marion's expenses down to Barton Grange, for it was high time his little heiress should come and look over her domains. So it was decided that I should go, and as mamma was indispensable at home, I was obliged to travel all alone. But I managed very nicely, and now, within an hour's drive of Barton Grange, I was actually sleeping as quietly as if I were in bed at home. I wakened with a start when the carriage came to a stand before the lodge gate, which one of old Joey's sons opened for us immediately, and as we drove rapidly up the avenue, so beautifully shaded with chestnut-trees, all my weariness was gone in a moment. I leaned out of the carriage and looked eagerly about me, trying to take in all the beautiful grounds at a glance. Then I looked everywhere for the Grange, and was just going to ask Joey how far we had yet to go, when a turn in the road brought it in full view, not nestling snugly among the trees as I had expected, but standing out all by itself on rising ground, massive and gray in the moonlight.

A sense of desolation and awe crept over me as I looked at the old Grange, and half-unconsciously I spoke my thoughts aloud, saying:

"That old house looks to me as if it were haunted."

My words were distinctly heard by my sable companion, for he turned round and said, sententiously:

"Save us, missie, what an idee to come floatin' inter yer head. Ole Joey have libbed a pile o' years at the ole place an' nebber seed one yit, though folks do say—"

Just at this moment one of the spirited animals he drove, frightened at some shadow in the moonlight, began to rear and prance in the most alarming manner, requiring all Joey's skill and attention to guide him up the steep ascent that led to the Grange; and although I was all curiosity to know what it was that folks said, I could ask him no more questions. His next remark was:

"Here we are at last, missie, an' bless me if that ain't ole massa hisself a comin' out to meet yer. Stiddy thar, yer critters; stiddy thar, I say, while young missie gits out."

Scarcely waiting for the carriage to stop, I sprang out, and was soon folded fondly in Uncle Barton's arms. The dear, white-haired old gentleman kissed me over and over again, saying, as he did so:

"So this is Marion, my dear sister's child, and the very image of her mother. Come in, darling, come in. How tired you must be, but your aunt will see after your comfort. It is not often she sits up till two o'clock in the morning, but she did to-night that she might do her part in giving you a warm welcome."

Talking very fast and lovingly, patting my hand, which he still held, Uncle Barton led me up the broad steps and through the spacious hall into the drawing-room.

There he introduced me to Aunt Barton, who received me with all the warmth of a mother. She was very delicate, and sweetly pretty. Refreshments were set out for me, but I could neither eat nor drink, greatly to the distress of the dear old couple.

"Bed will be the best place for you, Marion, dear, after your long, fatiguing journey. Veno, who is to be your own little maid while you stay with us, will show you to your room. She sleeps in a little closet near, so you can ring for her when she is required."

Veno appeared as if by magic, and after many loving injunctions to lie as long as I liked in the morning from both Uncle and Aunt Barton, I followed my quiet little attendant up to my bedroom. There again I saw fresh evidence of the love which they seemed so ready to lavish upon me. Everything was so comfortable and elegant. I was very tired, but sleep would not visit my weary eyes, for all the thoughts common to a young and rather imaginative girl chased themselves through my excited brain. Among others, the idea returned with great force to my mind that the Grange was haunted. Surely old Joey had some story which he would have told me if that tiresome horse had not taken fright. Yes, I would make great friends with the old negro coachman, and get him to tell me. Then it seemed to me that I slept for over an hour, for the next thing I remember was hearing the servants moving about very softly. I had been always used to early rising in my northern home, so that long before the bell rang for prayers I was ready to go down. The breakfast passed off most pleasantly. Both Uncle and Aunt Barton had much to ask, and I had no want of interesting home news for them. As we rose from table Aunt Julia said to me:

"Make yourself quite at home, Marion. Walk about the plantation anywhere you like. I am unable to walk, so cannot go with you, as I should wish to do, and your uncle has to visit one of his plantations some distance from home, and will hardly return till night, so you are free to amuse yourself till luncheon is ready at one o'clock."

Very much pleased with her kind permission, I spent a delightful morning in rambling over the beautiful grounds below the house, and whenever I turned my eyes on that huge building, with its many chimneys, gables and wings, I could not help wondering why it was built on that bare spot instead of peeping out from among the pretty trees that grew up so gracefully at the foot of the hill. I walked round and round it, and viewed the grounds that lay below from every jutment of the Grange, deciding in my own mind that by far the prettiest view was obtained from the west wing. This again set me wondering why they had not chosen to occupy the west end of the Grange. That they did not occupy any part of it I knew, as Uncle Barton, in pointing it out to me, had said:

"We never have used that side of the Grange, Marion, but you can look at it from the outside if you wish."

My uncle was absent at lunch hour, but Aunt Julia talked all the time to me on subjects very dear to my heart,—my own dear mother's home and its loved inmates. When again alone I wandered out, for I was completely fascinated with the grand old park. Indeed I liked everything in my Virginia estate, as uncle called it, better than the desolate-looking old Grange. I could not admire it, at least the outside; within it was very comfortable.

We met at six o'clock for dinner. It was quite dark at that hour, for the days were shortening rapidly. It was quite a new thing to me dining so late, but I enjoyed it greatly. The brilliant lamp-light, the costly silver plate and the glittering glass, the colored servants moving softly over the velvet-piled carpet, seemed to me like glimpses of fairy-land.

After they had left the room and we were quite alone, Uncle Barton said:

"Now, little one, you have been wandering about all day long in the park, so you must reward your aunt for giving up your society by telling her what you think of the old place. Of course I am anxious to have your opinion also, because as it is to be your own at no very distant date, we are both hoping you like it."

"It is just the very loveliest old park I ever saw, uncle; I shall never get tired of its beauty," I said warmly.

He looked pleased, and passed his hand fondly over my head, saying:

"So much for the park; now for the Grange itself, Marion?"

I did not like to tell either of them that I thought it very desolate. I merely said:

"I have been so much taken up with the grounds that I have had little time for the house yet; but one thing I have noticed is that by far the nicest view is from the west side, and if I were mistress or master of Barton I should occupy the west wing."

"Would you, pussy? Well, so would I if mother there wished it, but she has a great horror of ever visiting the west wing, and as we see few visitors, this part of the house suits us nicely. Now that dinner is over, if you will just seat yourself in that easy chair I will tell you some news that ought to please you."

I laughingly obeyed, and demanded my reward.

"Well, it is just this, Marion, that when you marry, if we are still living, and the place has not fallen into your own hands, just pay us a visit during your honeymoon, and I will have the west wing handsomely fitted up for your reception; that is, provided you send me timely warning, so that we may rid it of any ghosts that may haunt it. There is a skeleton in the long dining-room that troubles your aunt sadly."

"A ghost—a skeleton, Uncle Barton. I was quite sure the old place was haunted directly I set eyes on it. May I go into the west wing all alone?"

Aunt Julia shivered and said quickly, "Oh, Marion darling, you would just get your death up there."

"Let the child go if she likes, mother; if she resembles her own mother she will not faint, even if a puff of wind puts her lamp out; but take some lucifers with you, Marion, for should such an accident occur, you might find it rather hard to retrace your steps."

He placed a night lamp into my hand as he spoke, and laughingly telling me to avoid coming in contact with my aunt's skeleton, he held the door open for me while I passed out.

My readers will ask if I felt any fear. No, at least not then.

On and on I went, through long lofty corridors and up winding staircases. The only thing I noticed as I went through each room was blue mould covering the walls, while the chill, damp air made me shiver with cold, although the night was by no means a cold one. Before leaving the door of the long corridor, which connected the east and west wings together, I took the precaution to tie my handkerchief to the door handle, as I had somewhere read of persons losing their way even in a house; and I by no means cared to run any risk of adding to the number. Having explored some nine or ten rooms, some large, some small, but all the same in one respect—desolate, gloomy and damp—I now began for the first time to wish myself back in the cheerful old dining-room, and hastily I tried to retrace my steps. But I soon became quite puzzled, as one hall and one room seemed so much the same as another. I was very anxious to find the door which led out into the other part of the house, and I had left an unmistakable sign to know it by. Often I came to one that seemed the very one, but I looked in vain for my white flag, it was not there, and I turned away to try in another direction. At last I came to a door that I fancied I had seen before, and pushing it open, I found myself in a long, narrow, gloomy-looking room, with a large window of stained glass at the further end. Damp and blue mould covered the paper as in all the others. Not caring to make any longer stay in this ghostly-looking apartment, I was about leaving it, when a low dismal moan fell distinctly on my ear, and at the same instant my eyes, now more accustomed to the dim lamplight, caught sight of some moving object low down on the floor at the very other end of the room. As if urged on by supernatural strength of mind, I crept nearer and nearer to the spot, for as yet I could distinguish nothing, but too soon my eyes took in the awful sight which even now, after the lapse of many years, rises before me with terrible distinctness.

Seated in a low rocking-chair, such as children often use, her long fair hair falling in heavy curls round her childish face, her tiny hands clasped closely together, while her figure swayed backward and forward with every motion of the chair, sat the withered form of a little child. Her age must have been about four years, or perhaps less. Every feature was there; the flesh had indeed shrunk away, but the skin was drawn tightly over the little face, while the long fair hair, the thin hands clasped so tightly together, and above all the sad patient look on the childish face, formed a picture horrible indeed, but at the same time touchingly melancholy. The low dismal creak of the chair seemed to me like a sad moan of despair from its little occupant. I could bear it no longer, but flew almost panic-stricken from the room, and knew nothing more till I found myself in Uncle Barton's arms and Aunt Julia's low voice sounding like the sweetest music in my ears, as she said to her husband:

"Poor child, she had a terrible fright, but she is coming to at last." Then to me as I opened my eyes. "Marion, dear, how could you go wandering all alone through those dismal old rooms; you know I begged you not to do so."

I smiled faintly as I replied—

"Never mind, auntie, I was terribly frightened, but I deserved some punishment for not listening to your advice. I can promise you that I won't go there again. Seeing a ghost is too much even for my nerves; but as I have seen it, do tell me how that poor little child comes to haunt the west wing."

Uncle and Aunt Barton exchanged glances, and then my uncle replied—

"It is a sad story, my dear; and I would much rather not dwell on it; but as the little creature has appeared to you, I suppose I must satisfy your curiosity. But remember, Marion, I can only tell you what others have told me: I do not care to answer for the truth of my story. Well, dear, many years before my father bought the Grange, it belonged to a very rich planter, who cared little about it and never spent more than a couple of months through the year in it, but he often gave his city friends leave to occupy it, and sometimes a large party would run down for a few days' pleasure. Picnic parties have been held without number on the Grange grounds, and at the time I speak of the west wing was in great favor, as the views of the grounds and surrounding country were so charming; and to crown all, there was a fine dining-room and dancing saloon. The former of these you will scarcely forget—the dining-room I mean. Once a large party came over a hundred miles, from one of the great cities, for a few days' pleasure. There were married and single people, and even young children among the number. Mothers thought the country air so good for their little ones. One little girl, between three and four years of age, was much noticed and petted, for she was very lovely and a sad cripple. She had no power to help herself, but would sit hour by hour in her little rocking-chair, which some one of the party would carry for her wherever she wanted it placed. Her favorite seat was close to the stained window in the long dining-room, and there she would love to sit rocking to and fro, singing sweetly to herself, while the other children romped about outside or in other parts of the Grange. She was the step-child of a gay, fashionable lady, who took little care of the sweet, helpless little cripple she had so faithfully promised her husband she would protect with a mother's love. Some said that the fair young child stood between her own healthy babe and a fortune, and it is not unlikely. Well, a few hours before the party left the Grange, she gave out that little Nettie had been sent on with her nurse, who was going home another way that she might stay a few days with her mother, as the fresh change of air would be very beneficial to her little step-child. The girl, indeed, had been sent on before—but the poor innocent child was left in her little chair up in the dining-room to die a cruel lingering death of starvation; but not one of that gay party, as they left the old Grange, for one moment realized the awful fate of the fair-haired cripple."

Just as uncle came to this part of his sad story I burst into convulsive sobs, and again Aunt Julia's low, sweet voice broke upon my ear.

"What is the matter, Marion darling; are you in pain, or have you been dreaming of home? You have slept so very restlessly for the last half hour."

"Oh, Aunt Julia, I have been so frightened. But where am I?"

"In bed, my pet, just where you ought to be. Your uncle and myself have breakfasted hours ago—and I have been quietly watching you for the last hour."

I sat up in bed and drew a long sigh of relief to find it all a dream. I had fallen asleep, I suppose, just about the time I had made up my mind to get up, and had not only dreamed a whole day's ramble over the grounds, but a night ramble through the west wing of the Grange, and a ghost story into the bargain.

Dear old uncle and Aunt Barton have now been dead many years, and the property actually was left to me; but though it has been greatly modernized in many ways, I seldom care to go at night into the west end of the house—for foolish as I may appear to my readers, there always rises to my memory with great distinctness, the form of a fair-haired child, swaying backward and forward in a low rocking-chair, just as I saw her in my dream the first night I slept in the west wing of the old Grange.

THE ACCIDENTAL KISS.

BY M. A. NEDSMUL.

The little gem of a steamer was perfectly crowded; the string band was rapidly performing, and many were gliding in and out in some sort, as I jumped on board from the well-built wharf at O—— to meet my cousin on the moonlight excursion from T—— to H——, than which there is no more delightful trip in America.

Almost the moment after I recognized the light dress, the blue scarf, the light-brown curls, and the outline of my cousin's shoulders. Now was my time; before she perceived me I could steal up behind her, kiss her first with the nicest surprise, and win the bet between us. It happened too that all the company were just then engaged in seeing a new set begin their flying movements, and not an eye was turned to my cousin. Up, therefore, I stole, and putting my hands on her beautiful shoulders, I stooped down, and in the shadow made by my own head I stole the kiss. What was my surprise—when a strange lady I had never before seen, started up, and with a slight cry, uttered, sharply,

"How dare you, sir?"

I, astonished on my part, apologized, but the action of the surprised and indignant lady drew some attention. "He is impudent," said one. "It is some old lover," said another. "She won't have him," whispered a third. As for myself, I was all confusion, and could only say,

"Dear Miss," for she was evidently unmarried, "that was not intended for you."

Luckily, without knowing anything of the matter, up came my cousin, who had been hunting for me all over the boat, and placing her hands suddenly on my shoulder, as I rapidly turned met my lips with the agreed kiss, exclaiming, as she did so, "I have won my bet."

These were dear, simple-hearted old times.

A flash of undefined comprehension passed over the face of the strange young lady, still suffused with blushes, who addressed my cousin familiarly but sharply, with the question,

"What gentleman is that?"

"Oh," said my cousin, "that is Cousin Harry. Let me introduce. Miss Wier, Cousin Harry; Cousin Harry, Miss Wier, my old schoolmate;" and away she rattled gloriously, telling Miss Wier of the success of her bet. Explanations followed, and we all got on the best of terms, while my cousin went off into hysterics at my mistake, ending with, "Well, I am very glad of the mistake, Em, for I have won my bet."

I was then seated between these lively girls, and yet I gradually turned to Miss Wier, who gradually turned to me. I remarked now that they were dressed exactly alike, the very style I preferred, as my cousin well knew. We became absorbed in each other, and when I turned my cousin was gone, so we chatted away. We talked of everything, and agreed on almost everything; and as I looked at that girl arrayed in her cloud of white, with her glorious beauty, I felt involuntarily that a crisis had come in my life. She accepted no invitation, but remained at my side. I was rooted to the spot.

Just then I caught my cousin's eye as she glided by. She made me an arch sign of approving recognition, which sent a sort of thrill to my heart. As I turned to Miss Wier I could see her cheek mantling crimson. She, too, had evidently seen the same sign, and was to me plainly going into its fullest and most exciting representation.

But now we reached the beautiful beach. Moonlight is dangerous. Oh, what a bewitching stroll it was. I had Miss Wier all through to myself, in the sweet walk, the homeward trip, until we came to the wharf at O——, where I was to disembark.

Just before taking advantage of the general movement of the company, I whispered to Miss Wier that I would be glad to repeat my mistake. She at once understood, and after a little enchanting bashfulness, gave a graceful consent. So there, unseen, drawing her to me, with her curls around my face, I touched her lips, and sealed my fate for ever and ever.

Once at home I was all anxiety how I should proceed in the genteelest and most delicate way to see and meet her again, when a letter, directed in a masculine hand, was announced at the Post-office.

"Mr. ——, please come up. Your cousin and Em are here, and want some one to row them about. So come directly if you can."

I was off on the wings of the wind. One day passed, then another; a week, then two. I believe that that cousin of mine pretended to sprain her foot, to give me and Em an opportunity of being alone. So it happened we walked and talked that evening, and when long after dusk we came to the white garden-gate, I laid my hand upon it, as if to open it for Em, but I held it fast; so, when Em turned for explanation, she looked in my face and seemed to understand all. I do not know how I told her, but I did tell her; and although her head was bent and her bosom panting, yet light shone in her face and her eyes were happy, so that moment our hands, hearts and lips met, and Nature's own sweet consent was gained and given and ratified.

What a happy tea that was after I had asked for Em. Her mother was smiling and crying to herself. Her uncle chatted with my cousin in a fatherly way, and was very dignified and happy. We sat opposite each other. Her face was radiant, and I was in the highest spirits. Scarce a lull in the conversation ensued; but the words were repeated, "I'm so glad. I thought Em was going to refuse everybody."

I'm an old man now; but Em has been my helper through life; and to this moment I never forget that accidental kiss.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LAST MONTH'S WRECKS.—The storms of January made sad havoc among the vessels trading to and from American ports. The number of vessels belonging to or bound to or from ports of the United States, reported totally lost or missing during the past month is forty-one, of which twenty-three were wrecked, two burned, four sunk by collision, four foundered, four were abandoned and four are missing. These vessels, exclusive of cargoes, were valued at $1,514,000, and it is supposed their cargoes were worth as much more. Four steamers are in the list, and also six ships, six barques, six brigs and nineteen schooners. The only Philadelphia vessel reported is the ship Tuscarora, which foundered at sea off the Portuguese coast, while on a voyage from Mobile to Liverpool.

The jury in the Wharton case, at Annapolis came into Court, February 3, just before noon, and stated that they were unable to agree. They were then discharged. They stood eight for conviction, and four for acquittal. Mrs. Wharton then renewed her recognizance to answer the charge of attempting to poison Eugene Van Ness, at the April term of the Court.

The cholera has made its appearance in several places in Russia and Hungary. Thus warned, the authorities of our seaports should take all proper precautions against the *entri* of this unwelcome visitor.

Hundreds of people were frozen to death in England during the late cold spell in that country. The winter of 1872-73 has been the most severe experienced in England within the last third of a century.

Egptian Jugglers.

Expert as are such performers as Blitz, Anderson, and others, who have astonished thousands upon thousands with their adroit management of eggs in a bag, the transfer of seeds from one locked box to another packed away in the centre of half a dozen dove-tailed caskets one within another, the bare-legged exhibitions in the open squares of Cairo, in broad daylight, put the mysterious legerdemain of those light-fingered gentlemen quite in the background.

We have personally contemplated their matchless performances till it saved all further effort in the way of accounting for their extraordinary deceptions by admitting without argument that the devil must have been at their elbow.

On one bright morning a fellow had gathered a crowd by blowing a conch shell. An oval area was formed by a compact mass of wonder-watching spectators. Women and children sat on the sand up to the prescribed line, while strangers from all over the earth, supported in the rear by various officials, completed the arrangements. At one end of the open space a common salt mortar was placed. Opposite, at the other extremity of the oval, perhaps two rods off, Mahomed Kasser el Mesher marched forward with a serpent, about a yard long, held by the neck, wriggling and squirming for liberty. Tail first the reptile was gradually lowered into the mortar by winding in the body corkscrew fashion up to the head. He then took up his former position at a distance. Addressing the assembled multitude with the volubility of a mock-auctioneer on Broadway, he said, "Now, look, for the snake will disappear." While thus vociferating the snake frequently stretched up out of the vessel several inches, but fell back again at a rebuke from the orator. Once! twice! three times!—and sure enough the frightful creature was gone. An examination of the mortar satisfied all there were no reception rooms within. How was the feat accomplished.

A Lively Damsel.

A charming young lady of eighteen summers named Carrie L., of Warren, paid a visit to this city a short time since, and on Saturday afternoon last she went to the depot of the Warren and Venango road, intending to return home, but arriving just in time to see the train disappearing round the curve. Bent upon reaching Warren that night she started out along the track with the view of walking the entire distance. On Miss Carrie sped at the rate of four miles an hour until 7 o'clock in the evening, when she arrived at Newton, which is twelve miles from the city. Upon reaching the middle of the trestle work at this point she saw the night train approaching; to go on or recede, or step to one side was impossible, so she jumped down into the chasm twenty feet below. Fortunately the ground was covered with a snow-drift into which she sank up to her armpits, thus breaking her fall and saving her life. Carrie did not scream or cry for help, or anything of that sort, but quietly dug herself out, and after half an hour's work regained the track and resumed her journey. Two or three miles further on a still more serious obstacle presented itself, the track was under water as far as the eye could reach. Upon looking round she discovered a light in the woods and concluded that it must be a house. This proved to be the case, and the hospitable family, after hearing her story, took her in and did everything in their power for her comfort. The next morning she took the train from Newton for Warren, and arrived there in time for dinner.—*Titusville Herald.*

Curious Advertisements.

MINE.—Silence will never mean forgetfulness, but obedience to necessity. Remember always I cannot change; to end of life shall love and hope on, fully believing in your faithfulness of heart. Tiny lock of hair.—April 4th, May, June 24th.

MINE.—In answer to Mine of the 17th inst., all in good health, and trying to be brave; watch daily for further news from yours—and ever yours.

TALMA.—Do not think hardly of me. You have not answered my letter. I am true to you and shall be forever.—STATUE.

FRIDAY EVENING, 8th November. Both unknown to any one, and 17th instant received. Let B. V. kindly WRITE again, and say how to communicate. Shall be in London about Christmas. Best wishes.

C. R.—Quite well. Only heard about C. A. last night. C. R. in despair. C. A. promised to take care of health. Longing for promised letter. Always remember 9 30. Could not I. P. send address for C. R. to write to? Best love. Ever till death faithful.

FRIDAY EVENING, 8th November.—You are mistaken; both were known, and the communication of the 17th inst. also. When you advertise again, put first and last letter of either your post town or mine. Write to me at home, if you think well, directly you see this.—B. V.

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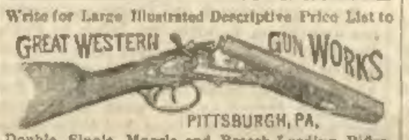

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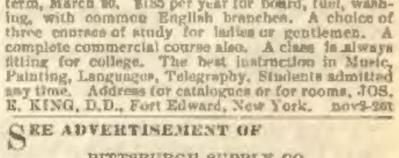

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YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

The Danbury News tells the following story of the sad consequences of boyish mischief:—

"A rather contemptible trick was played on one of our young clerks Sunday night. He bought a cut-glass bottle of cologne, with a glass stopper and pink ribbon, to present to a young lady he is keeping company with, but on reaching the house he felt a little embarrassed for fear there were members of the family present, and so left the beautiful gift on the stoop and passed in. The movement was perceived by a graceless brother of the young lady, who appropriated the cologne for his own use, and re-filled the bottle with hartshorn from the family jar, and then hung round to observe the result. In a little while the young man slipped out on the stoop, and securing the splendid gift, slipped back again into the parlor, where, with a few appropriate words, he pressed it upon the blushing girl. Like the good and faithful daughter that she was, she at once hurried into the presence of her mother, and the old lady was charmed. They didn't put up scent stuff like that when she was a girl; it was kept in a china tea-cup, and it was kept together by samples of all the family's hair. But she was very much pleased with it. She drew out the stopper, laid the beautiful petals of her nostrils over the aperture, and fetched a pull at the contents that fairly made them bubble. Then she laid the bottle down, and picked up a brass-mounted fire-shovel instead, and said she, as soon as she could say anything, 'Where is that miserable brat?' And he, all unconscious of what had happened, was in front of the mirror adjusting his necktie and smiling at himself. And here she found him, and said to him, 'Oh, you are laughing at the trick on an old woman, are you, you wall-eyed leper?' And then she basted him one on the ear. And he, being by nature more eloquent with his legs than his tongue, hastened from there, howling like mad, and accompanied to the gate by that brass-mounted shovel. He says he would give every thing on earth if he could shake off the impression that a mistake had been made."

"SNOOKS" AND THE EPIZOOTY.

The Snooks family has a horse—a noble animal, playful as a household cat, and so gentle that you can count his ribs half a mile off. Summer time he ranges the roadside, and gets the fibres of his tail ornamented with cockburs. Winters we keep him in the cow-yard, and give him full range of a straw stack.

The other morning, I says to Mrs. Snooks—

"Our hoss is an epizoot."

"Well," says she, "if he has got to actin' that way, he had better sell him."

"What do you s'pose the epizoot is, Mrs. Snooks?" says I.

"Why, it's the same as being balky, ain't it?" says she. "The fact of it is, you use so many big words, I don't understand half you say."

"No, Mrs. Snooks," says I, beaming fondly at her, "it's this 'ere hoss distemper that's ragin'."

I laid myself out on that hoss. I read all the different newspaper remedies until I was thoroughly bewildered, and then I bought a bushel basket of drugs, and tackled him off-hand. Fust I got a whitewash-brush and painted him all over with spirits of turpentine. Then I did his nose up in a bag containing nine parts of hot water, and one of weak bran. Then I gave him a big dose of aconite, and put assafedity in his manger, and sprinkled carbolic acid all around on the floor. Then I fumigated him with sulphur and bromo chloroform and coal tar—and I carefully shut the stable-door and went away.

In half an hour I went back. The treatment was a grand success. That hoss will never have the epizooot nor no other kind of soot. The turpentine brought off his hair. The bran mash put a blister on his nose the size of a peck-measure. The aconite had created a revolution inside of him, and he was lying down, having given up tryin' to live as a bad job.

I didn't go in to see him. What with the assafedity, and the bromo, and the carbolic, and the coal tar, there was such a smell that, if the hoss could only have stood 'em, the epizoot would have been nowhere.

None of us have had the courage to go near the stable yet, and when the wind blows from that way Mrs. Snooks takes the children and goes to the neighbors. The hens couldn't stand it, and have all run off. Even the bugs have left the house in a body, and gone to seek other quarters. When ennybody that I owe comes to me with a bill, I get on the lee side of the barn and hold my breath. No man has ever succeeded in getting close enough to dun me yet. I am satisfied we shan't have the agne next year, though I am in doubt whether we shall raise a corn-crop or not.

Yours epizootically.

—El Paso Journal.

RATHER THIN.

Our friend ——, although a remarkably quiet man, is still fond of his practical joke. Although nearly if not quite "six feet in his stocking soles," he is so thin that he looks as if there were not twenty pounds of flesh on his whole body. Going along M. Street the other day, our friend noticed that a large shaggy dog was following him. At a corner he saw a dirty-nosed boy, and thinking to have a joke on the young 'un, he stopped and inquired,

"Boy, what do you suppose that dog is following me for?"

The youngster cast a knowing look at him, and readily replied,

"Guess he takes you for a bone!"

A NICE OLD LADY.—Saturday evening, a chirp young miss, escorted by her gallant through the crowd of Danbury's main street, caught the eye of an old lady, and her delighted voice sounded above the noises of the street as she cried, "Why, gracious goodness, Almira Ann Boardman! poor dead Miss Pinkney's basque sets almost as snug to you as if it had been made for you." And the old lady rubbed her nose very pleasantly, while Miss Boardman turned black with suppressed gratitude.

A YOUNG man who heard Kate Stanton lecture on the "Loves of Great men," the other night, found a half-pint of peanuts which he designed presenting to the choice of his heart to be so matter-of-fact, so gross and sordid in fact, that he took them back and had his money refunded. Thus do we see that there is a chord in every breast susceptible of the finest sentiment when touched by a master hand.—*Boston Globe.*

NOBODY ever stands in the horse cars at Leavenworth, Kan. When a gentleman enters a car the nearest young lady rises and offers him her seat. She then sits in his lap, and both are satisfied.

☞ The Chief of Police had a telegram from an interior town saying: "Arrest a man with red hair for running away with my wife." Upon walking four blocks the chief met no less than fifteen red-haired men walking with ladies, and he concluded that the eloping couple could pass through the city in safety.—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ A New York dentist, up-town, disgusted one of his patrons, recently, by requesting him not to open his mouth any wider as he intended to stand outside during the operation.

WEARING A VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Mrs. Worthington Traynor's morning concerts had not proved successful for one reason—the absence of the male element. Among those members of the English upper classes whose principal business is to kill time, such daylight entertainments may answer, but on this side of the water where time is money, they never are quite "the thing." Mrs. Worthington Traynor's, therefore, were failures, for, as there were but few young men, there were but few flirtations, and what is a morning concert without flirtations?

It is true that Dr. Thorn, whose patients were as yet an unknown quantity, several law students, who preferred anything to Blackstone, and Fred Volvington, put in an appearance, but then these were not eligible *parties*, and prudent mammas frowned on them.

Mrs. Traynor, however, continued to give concerts, and she was not sparing of her money in enticing singing birds to her musical entertainments—it was rumored that she had made a bold attempt to secure Rubinstein, but even this rumor failed to draw the male sex.

It was at this persevering lady's third musical matinee, that Constance Volvington heard some chance words that warned her of the weight of sorrow which was soon to fall upon her heart.

February had come in, and in the ladies' costumes faint tokens of approaching spring were already appearing, adding to the brilliant aspect of the audience. Constance had come attended by her Cousin Fred—Fred who was the handsomest and best dressed person in his set, and who managed to live on his annual income of three hundred dollars a year.

Constance Volvington looked more lovely than usual. There was a faint flush on her cheeks, and an expression of pleasant expectancy in her dark blue eyes, as she entered. Miss Volvington was not beautiful in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but there was a high-bred, spirituelle air about her—an undefinable *je ne sais quoi*—which so many American maidens possess, and which is vulgarly called "style." Many of the gentle sex even denied that she was pretty, but it was generally admitted that her toilets were perfect.

"But we are not all heiresses," the critics usually observed, sighing.

A look of disappointment overspread Constance's face as the concert proceeded, and Philip Beaufoy did not appear. It was too bad! He had promised to come, and accompany her home to luncheon.

Signora Screci had just finished. "*Batti, batti, Oh! Masetto*"—and there was a pause.

"I'm in love," said Fred, who had been engaged in that most impertinent of all ways—levelling his opera-glass at a lady in the centre of the hall.

"Of course," returned Constance absently. "Who is it now? Is Miss Edith Dalton still the favored one?"

"I despise a coquette," returned Fred with dignity, "just look at her and Dr. Thorn reading the same programme. Abominable! No, Constance, I am in love with art this time. I am going to Italy."

"Indeed!" said Constance, trying to seem interested.

"By the by, *ma belle cousine*," said Fred, starting off on a new track, "have you heard that Raymond & Bros. have failed? That affects the Beaufoys, I believe. I haven't seen Phil lately."

Constance was really interested now. Perhaps this disaster had obliged Philip to break his promise. She was eager to obtain further particulars, but a preluding scream that gave notice of the opening of a grand aria, prevented a renewal of the conversation. But Constance listened to no more music that morning; her mind was filled with troubled thoughts. She knew her father too well not to suspect that this failure would seriously alter his estimate of Philip Beaufoy.

And she was right. Mr. Volvington regarded money as the greatest good. He had amassed his immense fortune by the unremitting work of his head and hands for a long life-time. And looking back on the toil and trouble this wealth had cost him, he valued it the more highly.

When Constance reached home, she was informed that her father desired to see her in his study. She conjectured at once what was in store for her.

Her father raised himself feebly on his lounge as she entered. Paralysis had almost destroyed his control over his limbs, but his powers of thinking and speaking were still unimpaired.

"What is this I hear, Constance?" he began. "Fred Volvington told me last night that Raymond & Bros. had failed. My agent came to me this morning and confirmed the rumor. By this failure, I have it from a most reliable source, Philip Beaufoy and his mother lose almost everything."

"Is there nothing left?" She asked the question with all the composure she could assume, for on the answer depended her life's happiness.

"Some paltry stocks and things of that sort, which may yield about fifteen hundred a year."

There was a pause. Constance's heart beat quickly.

"Well," said Mr. Volvington, crossly, as if he expected her to speak, "of course he'll have to release you from your engagement. You can't marry a beggar."

"But, papa, you have enough for us both—"

"That speech was decidedly cool, to say the least," returned Mr. Volvington in an irritated tone. "I don't intend to bestow my hard-earned money on Philip Beaufoy, and when you *do* marry you must choose somebody who is equal in wealth to my heiress. I'll write a note telling him that he must cease to visit here."

"No, papa—let me write," implored Constance.

"Well, I suppose you may. But I'd prefer you'd have nothing more to do with him; but make it short, sharp and decisive—mind."

Constance began a final appeal in behalf of her lover. Her father interrupted her by ringing the bell, saying, "I'll hear no more of it! I've already had a scene with that young fool Fred. He is going to Italy to study art forsooth and to starve on his three hundred a year! He'll spend it for gloves the first month, but I won't give him a cent—not a cent. He may live in my house as long as he wishes, but I'll not encourage him in his feather-brained project."

A servant entered, and Constance went to her own room to write the letter to Philip Beaufoy. It was hard—very hard—the endeavor to sit calmly there and write words which were to break the golden bonds that love had forged—which were to separate her, perhaps forever, from her lover tender and true! But she wrote—she wrote the plain truth. She told Philip Beaufoy that her heart was still his, and although she might never be his wife, she would never be another's.

Philip Beaufoy was in his room at the hotel when this letter arrived. The dreary work of looking over tangled accounts, and thinking of his loss, was over for the day. As he sat with the blue segar smoke wreathing around him, he felt that all was not lost. Wealth had gone but love remained. The twilight deepened, and the sweet thought of Constance filled his mind. It was long before he thought of lighting the gas. When he did light it, he saw the letter on his table. He read it, and was speechless with anger.

"She casts me off! She releases me now that I am poor!" he exclaimed. "What a fool have I been to waste my love on a woman so lovely and yet so mercenary!"

And he sent her a scathing reply, running over with passionate words of reproach.

To Constance each harsh word was a dagger that cruelly wounded her. "He has been unjust, and hasty in his anger," she said, sadly, "he will come to see it himself, and forgive me."

And he did. The next morning he re-read her letter. The first heat of his indignation had abated. He saw her words through a truer medium.

What could he say to her? This was the fourteenth of February—St. Valentine's day, and an elegant trifle he had bought in pursuance of the time-honored usage, lay near him on the desk. It was a small tablet surrounded by a wreath of pansies sprinkled with dewdrops—the dewdrops being tiny brilliants. What words of his could fitly express his hope and love? He remembered part of a poem that they both had often read together:

"What, though morn be robed in sadness,
And the noon be bathed in tears,
If the eve renew my gladness,
And in love consume my fears?"

These lines had clung to his memory, and he wrote them on the tablet, feeling that Constance would understand him.

He had scarcely laid down his pen when Fred Volvington entered, as exquisitely dressed and good-humored as usual.

"Good morning, old fellow," began Fred, "I am off for Italy. The steamer starts this afternoon. Henceforth art shall be my only love! To art I consecrate myself!" And Fred knelt on one knee and clasped his delicately-gloved hands theatrically. "Life is long and art is brief—no, that's wrong—"

"It's nearly right in your case, Fred. I fear that your attachment to art will be extremely brief," said Philip Beaufoy, smiling. "Does a steamer sail to-day?"

"Oh, yes, I am going in the Athlete. Why, old fellow, are *you* thinking of bending your steps toward Europe?"

"My mother is in Naples. I am going to her. Will you take this to Miss Volvington, Fred?" And Philip slipped the tablet into its velvet case.

"*Je comprends*—a lover's quarrel," murmured Fred, "and this holds the returned letters. 'So runs the world away.'" And he put the case into his pocket.

Constance sat in the study, near her father's lounge. Her father had grown much weaker lately, and required constant attendance. She was waiting in eager expectancy for some token that would tell her that Philip Beaufoy had repented his cruel letter.

Fred knocked at the door. Constance opened it, and putting up her finger in token of silence, led him into the dining-room, knowing well that Mr. Volvington would not sleep long if Fred were within speaking distance.

"I haven't a minute to spare, Constance. The Athlete starts in three hours, and I've a million things to do. Philip Beaufoy will be one of my fellow-passengers. I say, Constance, won't Edith Dalton stare when she sees my name coupled with those of Guido, Murillo, Raphael and that lot?"

"But, Fred, you are acting very imprudently," remonstrated Constance. "You know that my father never breaks his word, and how will you live?"

"Why, Constance, it takes the merest nothing to keep me. Give me a large room with plenty of light, a few choice pictures, some champagne now and then, to entertain a friend, and I'm happy. I say, Constance, I'll put your face in my first picture as an angel's. *Au revoir, belle cousine!*"

And he was gone—light-hearted, thoughtless Fred. Constance sighed to think that the best part of his life should be wasted in pursuing shadows. But light-hearted, careless Fred had forgotten Philip Beaufoy's valentine. He threw it into his trunk, unnoticed among a dozen other things, and there it lay. Fred sailed for Europe that day, but Philip Beaufoy was detained by business until the next week.

So he had gone without one word to soften that most unjust letter! Constance grew scornfully indignant, and tried to banish all thought of Philip Beaufoy from her heart.

Shortly after Beaufoy arrived in Naples, he heard that Mr. Volverton was dead. Now Constance was free, he thought, she would surely let him know that she had forgiven that unfortunate letter. But she showed no sign; and he, having admitted his fault by sending the valentine, was too proud to make another advance.

Months passed. Mrs. Beaufoy's gentle life faded in the sunny Italian clime, and Philip wandered through the bright land he had so often longed to visit. Its beauties were dimmed for him. A spirit of unrest seemed to have taken possession of him. The motive for active exertion had left him, for the failure of Raymond & Bros. had not proved as complete as was expected, and he still retained the larger part of his fortune.

One clear, balmy spring evening, Philip Beaufoy was proceeding on foot toward Florence, after having visited the monastery of La Certosa. He had just reached a clump of olive trees. The landscape elsewhere lay in twilight, but under the shade of these trees the darkness of night had already fallen.

Philip Beaufoy, as he approached the clump, fancied he saw a man crouching among the shadows; he stopped short and endeavored to pierce the gloom. Suddenly he was seized from behind with a strong grasp. He struggled to free himself. A figure sprung from beneath the olives and pointed a pistol at his head. In spite of the threatening weapon, Philip fought manfully. Three other men rushed from the sheltering olive trees and attempted to throw him to the ground and pinion his arms. Freeing one arm with a violent effort from the grasp of one of his assailants, he dashed the pistol aside and brought his fist with all his force full upon the head of its owner—a low-sized fellow. The ruffian fell backward as if struck by lightning. But the odds were fearfully against Philip Beaufoy—four to one. One of the Italians picked up the pistol that his companion had dropped, and with this struck Beaufoy. The blow knocked him senseless.

The brigands—for such they were—started at a quick trot, dragging Beaufoy and their prostrate companion without the slightest compunction over sticks and stones. These brigands, although a very disreputable-looking set, had nothing of the Fra Diavolo style about them. Their costumes were rather rusty—with here and there a patch—which showed that these fellows did not belong to that crew of splendid outlaws that graces the stage. These brigands went about a robbery in a prosy, matter-of-fact way that did them credit as men of business.

When Philip came to his senses he found himself lying on the cold marble pavement of what appeared to be a ruined temple. The roof was formed of twisted boughs and branches, supported by the broken pillars. The sides were rough boards. The space enclosed was large, and over it were dotted the brigands in various attitudes. There were several women among them. Two of these were hovering around a huge fire—the strong odor of garlic coming from that direction proved that the evening repast was in preparation. Philip Beaufoy took in the situation at a glance; he saw at once that unless he could succeed in escaping, a large ransom from his friends would be the condition of his release. His hands were still tied, and he was aware that he was narrowly watched.

A bright-eyed Italian girl, whom they called Pepita, and who had been flitting about with an air of *espieglerie*, followed by the jealous eyes of one of the band, brought Philip his supper, smiling coquettishly, upon which the jealous eyes blazed into fierceness.

When the serious business of eating had been completed, one of the brigands brought out a violin from some hidden recess and began to play in a manner that delighted Philip, making him forget his uncomfortable situation for a moment. A tambourine joined in, and the ladies retired, probably to deck themselves for the dance. They soon returned, accompanied by others, no doubt from the neighbouring village, attired in those gorgeous combinations of color in which the Italian soul delights, and the entertainment began.

Pepita, the bright-eyed, appeared to be the belle of the assembly. She was much in demand among the male votaries of Terpsichore; and the eyes of Beppo—a handsome, stalwart fellow—never ceased to follow her quick, graceful movements. Philip smiled at her pretty manœuvres. She was certainly an accomplished coquette, for with an air of the sweetest innocence, she succeeded in making Beppo perfectly furious. He played nervously with the handle of the dagger in his sash, as Pepita glided past him on the arm of a more fortunate comrade.

This volatile damsel, evidently tired of flirting with men whom she saw every day, came near Philip, and asked him in a tender voice if the brigands had injured him severely. Philip did not answer at first, for his eyes were fixed on an ornament which Pepita wore, fastened to a chain around her neck.

It was a tablet surrounded by a wreath of pansies—the valentine that he had sent Constance Volvington!

He was dumb with astonishment. Pepita evidently ascribed this to the effect of her charms, for she smiled consciously, and gave him time to recover.

"Tell me, Signorina," he said, recovering his composure, "from whom did you obtain that charming ornament which graces your lustrous beauty?"

"You are complimentary, Signore. This ornament?—oh, let me think—yes, it was taken from a young man's trunk at Rome."

"By the brigands?"

"Oh, no, Signore, by my mother. Madre mia and I formerly let lodgings to artists at Rome. A young man came—a fine, light-hearted gentleman, singing all the day; but he never paid, Signore."

"Fred!" exclaimed Beaufoy, recognizing the picture.

"Well, Signore, he went away one day and left his trunk. What could my poor mother do, Signore, but break open the trunk, and take the contents? He owed us much money—very much."

Then Fred Volvington had never given Constance his parting token! Philip Beaufoy gladdened at the thought. It accounted for Constance's silence. He blessed the brigands who had taken him captive now. The mere supposition that Constance might still love him, buoyed him up above all consideration of present danger.

"Allow me to examine the ornament, Signorina?"

"With pleasure," returned Pepita, detaching the tablet and giving it to Philip—looking at the same time toward Beppo, to see that he had the full benefit of the scene.

Beppo half uttered an oath, and started forward, but restrained himself. Philip examined the tablet minutely. Yes, it was his. There were the words,—

"What though morn be robed in sadness,
And the noon be bathed in tears,
If the eve renew my gladness,
And in love consume my fears?"

Was this eve of love to descend on him now? Philip asked himself.

"Oh, look here, Mr. Crispin! I bought these boots here only a week ago, and they're beginning to crack already!"

"Ah, miss! perhaps you've been *walking* in them! *Our* boots are intended for *carriage people*, you know!"

"If you will give me this, Signorina, I will send enough gold to buy a dozen such, as soon as I am liberated."

"Perhaps the Signore, like his young compatriot, will not pay," said Pepita, still bent on a flirtation, with one eye on Beppo, and the other on the main chance.

"I premise," said Philip.

"Well—take it—as a souvenir," returned Pepita, "but don't forget the money." And she skipped toward Beppo, who with a lowering brow moved away as she approached.

Philip Beaufoy now understood the reason of Constance's silence. Wrapt in the train of thought which the sight of the tablet awakened, he forgot the scene around him completely.

"Signore!" said Pepita's voice, close to his ear.

Philip, startled from his musing, looked up. He discovered that the larger number of the brigands had left the apartment. The remainder were grouped in a corner, playing a game of chance.

The torch that was blazing just beside Philip had gone out, and he was left in comparative gloom.

Pepita stood near him with a finger on her lips.

"Do not speak," she whispered, taking a small stiletto from her bodice. "Now, raise your arms."

Beaufoy obeyed silently. Pepita cut the cords that bound them together.

"Follow me."

He rose cautiously. He followed her through a dark passage into the open air. The sight of the moonlit Italian sky sent a thrill of joy through Philip Beaufoy's veins.

"That road to the west," said Pepita, "leads to Florence. Beppo is jealous—he always is"—and she tossed her head. "As he went out with the men I heard him swear that he would end your life to-night. Go now, or"—and she drew her hand significantly across her throat.

"But yourself, Signorina, will he not make you suffer for aiding me to escape?"

"No—no, I am safe. He would rather die himself than injure me. He's a dear fellow. But what's the use of having a lover if one can't torment him, Signore? He'll probably wear your watch at our wedding." Pepita laughed.

"He's welcome to keep it. I'll not forget to send you the money I promised—"

"As soon as possible—to the Inn of the White Horse."

Philip said farewell, and hastened with all speed through the darkness toward Florence.

He reached the city in safety, and was careful to keep his promise to Pepita.

He secured a passage in the vessel which was advertised to sail earliest for America from the nearest port. He determined to lose no time in going to Constance.

On the day the vessel was to sail, he unexpectedly met Fred Volvingion on the quay. The latter was dressed exquisitely; but he accosted Philip with, "Ah, my dear boy, charmed to meet you. Can you lend me a hundred or so? I want to get home. I'm sick of artist-life. Shall turn farmer—easy, you know. Nothing to do but stick things in the ground, and they will come. A farmer's life for me!"

He became Philip's fellow-passenger; but he never knew that his thoughtlessness had cost Beaufoy many an hour of pain.

Philip himself gave his valentine to Constance, who accepted not only it, but its donor.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

G. A. W., writes: "Please answer through the correspondents' column of the Post, what constitutes a chronometer balance watch? Has the division of the balance wheel anything to do with it, or is it necessary that it be divided, or is it the composition of the wheel? Is compensation balance the same as chronometer balance?" The chronometer differs from the ordinary watch in the principle of its escapement, which is so constructed that the balance is entirely free from the wheel during the greater part of its vibration; and also in having the balance compensated for variations of temperature. In every other respect it is similar to the ordinary watch.

H. M. W., (North Chester, Mass.,) writes: "Will you be so kind as to answer two questions for me? 1st. What is the color of a Lynx? 2d. How can I clean cards, so that they will look like new? Playing cards or any others?" 1st. The American Lynx is generally of a hoary gray color, with a broad space on the back of a dark-brown hue. 2d. You can clean glazed cards by rubbing with bread-crumbs. If unglazed, they cannot well be cleaned.

W. H. L., (Canton, Mo.,) writes: "I crave your indulgence, and hope you will answer the following: 1st. The character and worship of the ancient Druids? 2d. Who first preached the Gospel in Britain, according to the best authority? 3d. Was St. Augustine sent to England by the Pope of Rome, and was he the first Archbishop of Canterbury? 4th. Was the original Greek, from which the English Bible was translated, the same as that used and recognized as authentic by the Roman Catholic Church? 5th. Was Dido the founder of Carthage? and was it before or after the building of Rome? and was she of the same family as Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, King of Israel?" 1st. The Druids were the priests of the Celtic race. They were held in great honor by the people, settled disputes, decreed rewards and punishments, and were relieved from tribute and military service. Their religion is not fully known. They taught the transmigration of souls, held certain plants sacred, particularly the oak and mistletoe, and are said to have made human sacrifices. 2d. St. Augustine. He was sent by Pope Gregory I., in 596 A. D., to convert the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. He was remarkably successful, and was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 597. This person, however, was not the great Augustine, so celebrated for his writings. The latter spent his life in Africa, save a short time in Italy. 4th. Yes. 5th. Dido has the credit of founding Carthage, though it is not certain that such a person ever existed. It is impossible to say, with any certainty, when either Rome or Carthage was first founded. Dido is said to have been the daughter of Belus, King of Tyre, and Jezebel daughter of Ethbaal, King of Sidon. Further we know nothing about their families.

POLLY, (Ohio,) asks: "In passing pie for dessert at a dinner party, should a knife and fork be placed on the plate, or only a fork? 2d. How is Goethe pronounced? 3d. By what other name is Donald G. Mitchell known? 4th. What do you think of my writing?" It is best to give both. 2d. The pronunciation cannot be given in English sounds. Gertch is something like it, accent on first syllable. 3d. Ik Marvel. 4th. It is very fair.

FIDO, (Americus, Ga.,) asks: "What is the Court of Oyer and Terminer in New York? How did it get the name, and how did it originate? I have asked several lawyers, and they cannot give me a satisfactory answer." It is a Court of criminal jurisdiction, held at the same time as the Quarter Sessions and by the same judges. It is named from two Latin words, signifying respectively *to hear and to determine*, and it has power to hear and determine cases of treason, felony and misdemeanor committed within its jurisdiction.

DAISY B. writes: "I should like to have a few questions answered in your paper. I want to know the right way to frame Chromos. Should they have glass and be framed as steel engravings are, or represent oil paintings, with the margin laid and Chromo varnished? 2d. At a public Christmas tree, is it necessary to write the name of the giver on the gift, or without mentioning who it comes from? 3d. Can you tell me a good history of France, and where it can be purchased? 4th. Do you know of any Chromo I could get to match Little Samuel? 5th. I also want a steel engraving to match 'The Sisters.' Will any of your premium engravings do for this purpose? I always try to hang my pictures in pairs. If you can tell me where I can get a chromo to match Little Samuel and an engraving to match The Sisters, I will be much obliged. 6th. Is the word Yo Semite pronounced Yo-se-mite, or Yo-sem'-i-te?" 1st. You may frame either way. Some probably would prefer glass and some not. 2d. Either may be adopted. 3d. There are numerous histories. Grimshaw's is one dollar. Goodrich's Pictorial, $1.75. We can send either to you. 4th. No. 5th. We do not know of any good mates, but think they would match each other very well. 6th. Your last pronunciation is the correct one.

JOHN (Peoria, Ill.,) writes, "I have been a subscriber to the Post for some time, and now take the liberty of asking the following questions:—1st. How much would it cost for board and lodging in Germany, say for one year? 2d. How long would it take to learn the German language so as to speak it correctly? 3d. How ought the word Prior to be pronounced? I heard two young men disputing about it the other day. One said that Pre-or was the correct way to pronounce it; the other said that Pry-or was the right way. 4th. What do you think of my writing? Would it be any recommendation to me in the way of getting a situation as bookkeeper?" 1st. Good board, in a German city, would cost, we judge, nearly or quite as much as in Illinois. Prices have greatly advanced of late years. 2d. It would depend largely on the person. A good linguist, if residing in Germany, might gain a tolerably respectable knowledge of the language and its pronunciation in a year's time. 3d. Pronounce in your second mode, with the full sound of i. 4th. You write a fair hand, and one that would probably be considered sufficiently good for bookkeeping.

O. M. H., (Cincinnatus, N. Y.)—The question you ask was received from another party a week or two ago, and answered to the best of our knowledge and belief. We presume you have already seen our answer.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 2, 13, 31, 34, 5, 26, 17, is a town in Georgia.
My 4, 10, 22, 5, 19, 8, 23, is a town in North Carolina.
My 26, 35, 23, 5, 28, 6, 20, 15, 30, is one of the United States.
My 11, 13, 23, 19, 9, 33, 2, is a town in Canada.
My 7, 32, 20, 26, 24, 5, is a town in Illinois.
My 27, 17, 3, 35, 22, is a town in France.
My 25, 4, 12, 1, 24, 31, is a town in Spain.
My 14, 34, 16, 31, 15, 21, is a river in New York.
My 33, 2, 19, 32, 12, 18, 9, 35, 29, is a town in Ireland.

My whole is an interesting story published in the Post. HANKY.

METAGRAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four letters mine; expunge the first at sight,
And place another, I in good delight.
Put back my head, my second change, and then,
Magicians use me in their tricks with men.
Next my third alter, I will make display,
Where nature holds an undisputed sway.
Now take my fourth, another add, and see,
I something form, graceful and light and free.
My whole leaps chill from Iceland's arctic bowers,
Or warm with sweetness leaves the home of flowers.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Names of Towns in Lorain county, Ohio.

1st. I a lyre.
2d. Delvie girl.
3d. On tea.
4th. Her mats.
5th. Not far, G.
6th. Night Orb.
7th. Rob Elin.

Ridgeville, Ohio. FANNY FOLLY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Not at all clear; boiling up; a drop of the "orator;" sufficient; too much; part of a house; a musical phrase; a district; gin. The initials read downward, and the finals read upward, will give two wonderful inventions in constant use in the present day.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A set out from C to travel to D at the same time that B left D for C, the distance being 420 miles. When they met, it appeared that A had travelled just as many miles more than B as they travelled hours before meeting, and A arrived at D 35 hours before B got to C. Required—the hourly speed of each.

ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Erie, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry, 5 years ago, invested some money in some profitable business, which yielded unto him yearly one-third of its stock profit; but of which gained profit he spent yearly a certain sum; (alike each year.) The remainder of that increase together with the former stock he yearly invested again in the same business as a new stock, and with the same ratio of increase, spending sum and result. Now, (at the end of said 5 years,) it is found that he now has $1718.20 less than if he had spent nothing of his increase. The question is, what was the original capital?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—Estate, State, Ate, Tea, East, Taste, Sea, Sate.

ANAGRAMS—1, South Carolina; 2, Maryland; 3, California; 4, Florida; 5, West Virigina; 6, North Carolina; 7, Pennsylvania; 8, Indiana.

BURIED CITIES—1, Oxford; 2, Galena; 3, Naples; 4, Dover; 5, Tyre; 6, Ava; 7, Thebes; 8, Troy.

WORD SQUARES.—

I.	II.	III.
AMPLE	BEAM	BIRD
MELON	EASE	IDEA
PLANT	ASIA	REAM
LONGE	MEAN	DAME
ENTER		

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—8 and 16.

RECEIPTS.

TO MAKE GEMS.—See that your oven is hot enough to bake potatoes, and that your small oblong iron or tin pans are hot and greased with olive oil. Now mix wheat meal or Graham flour with cold water, or milk and water, if preferred, to the consistency of corn-bread batter with the greatest possible rapidity, and put instantly into the pans and bake twenty-five or thirty minutes. Success depends upon the speed of the whole process. Gems may be eaten while warm, but not while hot enough to melt butter.

POTATO SALAD.—Any one who has eaten potato salad at a Parisian hotel will be glad to try it after he gets home. The following is a good formula for the simple but delicious preparation: Cut ten or twelve cold boiled potatoes into slices, from a quarter to half an inch thick; put into a salad-bowl with four tablespoonfuls of tarragon or plain vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, pepper and salt to taste; stir well, that all be thoroughly mixed. It should be made two or three hours before needed on the table. Anchovies, olives or any pickles may be added to this salad, as also bits of cold beef, chicken or turkey, if desired; but it is excellent without these.

DELIGHTFUL PUDDING.—To one quart of boiled milk use one-half of a tumbler of mashed potato and one-half of a tumbler of flour, a small piece of butter; when cool add three beaten eggs; bake half an hour. To be eaten with sugar and cream.

LIQUID GLUE.—An excellent liquid glue is made by dissolving glue in nitric ether. The ether will only dissolve a certain amount of glue, consequently the solution cannot be made too thick. The glue thus made is about the consistency of treacle, and is doubly as tenacious as that made with hot water. If a few bits of India-rubber, cut into scraps, be added, and the solution allowed to stand a few days, being stirred frequently, it will be all the better, and will resist damp twice as well as glue made with water.